

DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENTS

Why was this man laughing?

EXTRA!!!

# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE

JULY 1994 • \$2.50

## Drop That Book!

... and pick up  
our Summer  
Fiction Special

E. Annie Proulx  
Franz Kafka  
Mark Richard  
R. Crumb  
Vince Passaro



**GARRY WILLS**  
Nixon in Heaven

**JOHN TAYLOR**  
How a Town  
Was Lynched

**STEPHEN WRIGHT**  
Kurt Cobain and  
the Stupid Club

**MIKE LUPICA**  
The Most  
Annoying People  
in Sports

Christie Brinkley:  
Reading well is  
the best revenge



Yes, We Are Talking  
Rocket Science Here.



Actually, considering that we're aiming for the highest quality ever, it isn't hard to understand why we build the 1994 Chevy Camaro Z28 the way we do. Each car has to pass the critical eyes of a series of laser cameras

that measure the exactness of the dimensions. And a team of inspectors who examine the paint under a bank of hot lights for any defects. Then there are things like a new welding device

(called a robotate) that also assures the dimensional integrity of the body. And a Dynamic Vehicle Test done in rollers at 65 mph to check that the engine, transmission, air conditioning, electronics and

crash control all work properly. So much for the science part. Then strap yourself in for the rocky part. The Z28 is propelled by a 275 hp 3.7-liter V8. Flared to a 6-speed transmission. With a protection

envelope that includes standard dual air bags\* and anti-lock brakes (unique in its class), a 3-year/36,000-mile Bumper to Bumper Warranty with no deductible,\*\* and a 24-hour Roadside Assistance Program.†

The 1994 Chevy Camaro Z28. What else would you expect from the country that invented Rock and Roll?

C A M A R O



GENUINE CHEVROLETS

Call 1-800-950-2438 for a brochure.

\*Always wear safety belts, even with air bags. †Includes other GM products. ‡See your Chevrolet dealer for terms of this limited warranty. ††See your dealer for program details.

Also, the 1.6-liter I4 and Camaro are registered trademarks and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1994 GM Corp. All Rights Reserved. Buckle up, America!

T O M M Y



H I L F I G E R

**THE FLAVOR IS**

**KOOL**

A man with dark hair, smiling, wearing a bright yellow long-sleeved shirt and a dark tie. He is holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. He is positioned in front of the large, green, stylized word 'KOOL'.

Kools: 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. [www.kools.com](http://www.kools.com)

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

**no doubt about it.**



Do  
You Know  
Me?

We started back in 1971 with three planes serving three Texas cities in the short-haul markets, most people will drive those distances instead of fly. A lot of people figured us for road kill at the time. But today we've got 344 airplanes in 34 cities.

We like mavericks—people who have a sense

of fly more routes each day. That generates more revenue, so you can offer lower fares.

We were interested in the American Express Membership Miles program because it gives us access to business travelers, who are the bulk of our customers. And Cardmembers earn a mile for every dollar spent. That's giving

"We Compete More  
With The Automobile Than We Do  
With Other Airlines."

of humor. We've always done it differently. You know, we don't assign seats. Used to be we only had about four people on the whole plane, so the idea of assigned seats just made people laugh. Now the reason is you can turn the airplanes quicker at the gate. And if you can turn an airplane quicker, you can have

people something of value. That's a lot better than getting a rant when you walk off the plane.

The American Express Card is welcomed at airlines all around the world. (Of course, Herb's kind of partial to his corner of the world.)

HERB KELLEHER,  
CEO, SOUTHWEST AIRLINES

TO APPLY CALL 1-800-THE-CARD.  
©2000 American Express Company. Southwest Airlines, Inc.

## Reality Check

AT&T reaches out to the KGB, Jimmy Hoffa Jr. plays tough guy, Tom and Roseanne stay hungry, and Planet Hollywood gets faked out. Plus: Where would *you* take Di on a date? By Jeannette Walls

18

## Man At His Best

Return of the Love Bug [24] Sandra Bullock [25] Restaurant: Dallas's Natura Cafe [26] Andy Warhol's museum [28] Travel: the People's Republic of Vietnam [30]

## Gentleman

## Special Section: Denim Style '94



## True Blue

102

From Levi's to Calvins, acid-wash to shotgun denim, a brief history of jeans. A veritable rhapsody in blue.

## The Bridges of L. A. County

106

At home and at ease with Lloyd, Benu, and Jeff, a Hollywood dynasty. Photographs by Davis Factor; text by Christa D'Souza

## Street Wear

112

You can always tell what neighborhood you're in by the way the natives wear their jeans. Photographs by Eric Perrot

## Work Detail

114

The cadets of the U. S. Coast Guard Academy learn the ropes in their jeans wear. Photographs by Dick Nystrom

## Christie and the Beast

120

Übermodel Christie Brinkley shows why, when it comes to denim, less is more. Photograph by Timothy White



## Columns and Departments

The Sound and the Fury  
Letters from readers ..... 13

Backstage with Esquire  
Notes on contributors ..... 16

Our Man in the White House  
Is Phil Gramm the Republican  
Hobbesque, and will his reign of terror  
begin in 1997? By Walter Shapiro ..... 32



The Sporting Life  
Presenting the 10th-annual Andre  
Awards. By Mike Leggin ..... 36

Cars  
Testing the curves in the new Porsche  
911 Carrera. By Phil Patton ..... 122

Music  
Techno-raving. By Mark Jacobson ..... 134

DON'T  
CRACK  
UNDER  
PRESSURE

The Sports Elegance series  
End-of-life battery indicator. Un-  
directional timing bezel. Scratch-  
resistant sapphire crystal. Double-  
protective water-resistance. Water-  
resistant to 200 meters (660 feet)

**TAGHeuer**  
SWISS MADE SINCE 1860

BAILEY BANKS & BIDDLE  
JEWELRY DESIGNERS SINCE 1912

## Thundercrack

AFTER MUCH CONTINUATION of the Al Pacino-Schiffer-David Copperfield coupling ("Shazzar" by Bill Zalania, April), I asked what the only possible explanation was. She's been hypnotized.

—ANDREW BRATOLINI  
Belmont, Md.

IS MY IMAGINATION, or does beauty lie? David Copperfield look even more so when she's with some awful David Copperfield! Your cover of them is the best I've seen.

—GAIL WILLIAMS  
Lenex, N.J.

IN ALL MY YEARS of reading *Esquire*, I have yet to come across a bigger waste of your paper than the Copperfield-Schiffer *Bellevue*. I kept reading only to see if, perhaps by the end of this necessary thespianism was able to make his ego disappear (is more challenging target than the Statue of Liberty, to be sure). When I want cover stories that are blatant exploitation of the week's latest star romances, I borrow a copy of *Play*. When I want well-written, interesting, and meaningful prose, I turn to *Esquire*. Leave the magazine to the tabloids!

—JOSHUA PIERCE  
New York, N.Y.

## Down by Law

AMERICAN SOCIETY is not becoming more compassionate as it becomes more barbaric, as Julia Taylor asserts in "Treatable Impulse, Unbeatable Verdict" (April), but more lawless and law-free. While it is true that some extrajudicial psychological or emotional factors may mitigate the guilt of an offender, such instances should be more carefully defined and more rigorous proof of them should be required than is the case at present. Every sane justice accepts the ludicrous excuses attorneys now routinely offer for defendants' criminal behavior crime and lawlessness grow. Until we are ready to reclaim personal responsibility for our actions, I see little hope of reversing this deplorable trend.

—DELAN COOPER  
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

## Private Spy

IT WOULD BE EASY to see Robert Sam Anson for "Requiem for the Silent as Spy" (April), and also to Bobby Roy Jensen himself for choosing a life instead of jumping into a political quagmire full of the sensational blood-lies of William Safire. I don't know what drove Safire to launch such a crusade against Jensen, other than, perhaps, a self-induced ego and a politically biased agenda. Whatever the cause, it will certainly prove to be the U.S. government's loss.

—WAYNE BRUCKER  
San Gabriel, Calif.

## Gotta Get a Gimick

SO NEW AGE smoke of Sissiesmen Tony Robbins ("Street Life: Glad You're Tony Robbins" by Doug Sweeney, April) thanks of himself as the spiritual heir to Martin Luther King Jr.? King had a dream. All Robbins has is a scheme.

—SCOTT EDELMAN  
Darien, Mass.

DOUG STANTON'S ARTICLE claims that neuro-linguistic programming (NLP) "today means little known" with only "two hundred NLP practitioners across the country." This is totally inaccurate. NLP is taught in almost every state—the NLP Institute I direct certifies more than one hundred people a year. There are forty thousand certified practitioners worldwide, and more than half of those are in the U.S. NLP has also been taught at major American organizations, including IBM, McDonald's, NASA, and the U.S. Army.

—CAROLYN K. BAURA  
Executive Director (IDHSA) Seminar  
Milwaukee, Wis.

THE EDITORS REPLY: Stanton's definition of NLP practitioners referred only to those who actually teach NLP courses, not to anyone who has merely completed an NLP course.

## Copy Chief

FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS I have paid for Xerox. While there are people like Fred Thurston as described by David Dansey in "Gleamery Glen Xerox" (April), they are not the norm.

Our work group views customers as people you do something for and not to. We sell solutions, not just equipment, and we don't waste and distract customers into ordering. People like Dansey's slogan have short term success and usually waste orders that never get delivered.

—BILL WALKER  
Naperville, Ill.

## Sonic Youth

THE SEATTLE *Superdemos* portrayed Tim Michael Angell's article "The Joy of Tap" (April) as a serious problem in the NRA right now. Incredibly gifted young athletes with an impressive everything memory act as if they reversed the game because they have dunked a ball once or twice and then pelted and loud. To, guys, take a lesson from Magic Michael, and Larry. Get a work ethic and win a couple of championships. Then you won't have to tell people how great you are because they will already be talking about you.

—JOHN C. CARNS  
Lansing, Mich.

## Proof in the Putting

MIKE REARD'S "Getting a Grip on McGolf" (April) left out "The Rules of Golf" published by the U.S. Golfing Association. This little book settles disputes among friends and will save those who use a money processor service.

—CAROL CARROLL  
Mont, N.Y.

## Reheated Rice

WE, THE OFFICERS of Anne Rice's Vampire Lestat Fan Club feel compelled to respond to your article "Lemon, Cris, Mex." by James Conner (March). If Anne Rice chooses to guide her novel through the darkness, it is not something unprofessionalism, as David Geffen purports but wanting concern for her own creation. History for Anne Rice should not be a quest to miserably execute the small adaptation of a work.

—SUE QUIROZ, SUZIE MILLER,  
MELANIE L. SCOTT  
New Orleans, La.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone number to *The Sound and the Fury*, Esquire, 1200 Nine Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

King, Michael Angell







Stephen Wright



**D**EATH WAS KING to Richard Nixon. In the days following his passing, friends of the late president and even some old foes showed up in full force, baying with grief, begging us to look beyond Watergate, at the whole man. All as if to say: Let the good that Nixon did live after him, and the evil be interred with his bones. But should it Shogun's same form of evil be recognized and abhorred forever, just for old times sake?

One man who was not swayed by the avalanche of Nixon revisionism was **Garry Wills** ("Nixon at Heaven," page 34). Back in 1976, when Nixon's chance for election with him, Esquire sent Wills to cover the New Hampshire primary. That piece, and his subsequent Nixon articles grew into Wills's seminal book *Nixon Agonies*.

Wills, who won the Pulitzer prize for nonfiction in 1999 for *Lancelotti and Gatsby* and whose most recent book is *Clean Sweep: The Gift of Lies* (Simon & Schuster), doesn't believe Nixon's character ever changed in his fifty years of public life. "He always had an artificial front," says Wills, re-revising, "but that scared man you've always feared."

When Nixon layed out a casket on April 18, Esquire's *Dubious Achievements* image turned over and around. For the first time over the editors were forced to consider a world without Nixon (the very suspension for the awards themselves). They delved into the historical crypts to present the absolutely final word on Richard Nixon—said near January ("Why We This Man Laughing," page 44).

No one could have been less Nixonian than Ken Cohen, who, according to novelist **Stephen Wright**, "was a man with no secrets. It's just that nobody believed him." Wright (with additional reporting by Melissa Rount) provides harrowing revelations about the last days of Cohen in "The Big No" (page 35). Unlike the deaths of other such doers, Cohen's says Wright—whose most recent novel is *Greg Nene* (Harper, \$24.95)—"cannot be considered an accident. It was well thought out."

Beneath the pocket protector of every science nerd beats the heart of a ready book, especially in **Emily Telfer's** portrait

of Kary Mullis ("Is Kary Mullis God?" page 66). Mullis, who won the Nobel prize for chemistry in 1991, has dropped out of the scientific world (and society) to chase the perfect wave and anything in a skirt. In this case, the name belongs to Telfer, a Los Angeles-based writer who is famously quote as her last: "It was the first time that I've ever had anyone outside the journalistic process for someone," she says.

Senior writer **John Taylor** examines a tragic chapter in American race relations (the 1951 massacre of the small black town of Rosewood, Florida [page 48]). Taylor's account of the episode is based on six days of testimony by survivors and their descendants, as well as on thousands of pages of documents. In its essence, Taylor says, "Rosewood was nothing more than the systematic destruction of a certain town. It was like the leveling of Carthage."

**Christopher Buckley** provides an ongoing denouncement to the Whitewater scandal this month ("Whitewater?" page 64). Buckley, a former Esquire editor and current editor of *Fierce PT*, is all too familiar with reading up political issues—his latest novel, *Thank You for Smoking* (Random House), turns the tobacco industry and its lobbyists. "It's very interesting writing *Whitewater*," he says. "Because you're constantly being scooped by the front page."

Also offering Whitewater scenarios are **Ray Boust Jr.**, whose spy novel *Rev. Boust's Book of Southern Honor* will be published this fall; **Patti Davis**, whose fifth book, *Revelations*, was recently published by Simon & Schuster; and **Ward Just**, whose latest novel is *Andrew & Luc* (Houghton Mifflin).

It's one thing to wake up and find yourself transformed into a giant pig. It's quite another to metamorphose into a brainy child. A sympathetic photographer-on-heaven help you—a lawyer. But this is the most of humanity that **Mark Richard**, **E. Anne Preiss**, **Yusef Pessare**, and the vision of **E. Ulrich** and **Frank Kuba** explore in our tenth annual summer fiction package (page 75). Literary editor Will Wright, who put the section together with fiction editor Ryan Hill, says, "I don't drink much coffee, but I like my fiction black."

Finally, coauthors **Stanley Bing** and **John Burt Foster** are taking the month off, though not together. ■

LABORATORY TESTING PROVES:

# PEARL DROPS™ CLEANS BETTER THAN REMBRANDT™ FOR HALF THE PRICE.



AND PEARL DROPS IS GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY TIME YOU BRUSH.

TO HELP GET YOUR TEETH THEIR WHITEST USE PEARL DROPS WHITENING TOOTHPASTE.



NOW AVAILABLE WITH BAKING SODA



# Reality Check

True Crime

## Making a Killing



WHETHER you do, don't call **Gerald John Schaefer** a serial killer. Schaefer—who is serving a life sentence in Florida for the grisly murders of two women—spends a good deal of his time (and the state's money) suing writers who libel his good name. Although there is compelling evidence (including Schaefer's own words) that he killed at least thirty-four women, Schaefer now insists that he's innocent and that the damning evidence against him was concocted by a conspiracy of his enemies. The articles, he contends, are harming his chances of being paroled. Schaefer, who has filed at least twenty libel suits, spends countless hours studying the Florida penal code and

**The sexual intrigues.**

issues that under the state's laws, taxpayers are obligated to pick up the tab for his legal bills. The writer and publishers aren't so lucky. Preferring journalist Mike Newton, who has been sued twice by Schaefer (once for \$100,000 and another time for \$20 million), has spent thousands of dollars defending himself. Ochs has sealed out of court to avoid the expensive legal bills. "We could have won," says one book publisher. "But it was much cheaper to settle and make him go away."

When Esquire called the Florida state prison and asked for Schaefer, we were told we couldn't speak to inmates. Then the guard added, "What, is he suing you, too?" Probably.

Operators

## The Spy Who Came in from the Cold War

WHILE the Russian government is busy building yard sales of its now-obsolete tanks and

strutless jets, one relic from that era has found a new life. **Oleg Kalugin**, who was one of the KGB's finest, has been hired by

AGAT Kalugin—who exposed the Soviet spy game in his book *The First Dismissal*—will help the company set up business in Russia. "It's an arcane society," says one source. "Who would better know how to reach out and touch someone there?"

Foreign Policy

## One Person, One Political Consultant

IT SEEMS TO BE that the United States would send a few CIA boys to another country whenever we wanted to install a new leader. Now we send political consultants. Two of **Bill Clinton's** top political advisors—media consultant **Frank Gense** and pollster **Stanley Greenberg**—spent a year in South Africa working with **Nelson Mandela**, polling voters and running focus groups for the new president's campaign. The two were working, per home under the auspices of the National Endowment for Democracy, a quasi-governmental group that allegedly has no political affiliations and is funded by a \$25 million grant from Congress. Now we should get Mr. Mandela some barbers for his closet.

Obituary

## Rape of the Locks



He had to do it.

WHEN **Arizona** **Senator** **Michael Huffington** has a fourth orgasm about one of the servants, she goes with it. The *Pittsburgh* biographer and now sex addict, who is married to California

congresswoman and U.S. Senate candidate **Michael Huffington**, recently parted ways with her butler—allegedly because he lost the house keys. Then, says a source, she sent him a bill for the new set of locks. "Huffington's office denies the story, but the source says, 'The agency where Arizona goes for help is saying it doesn't want to work with her anymore because she has a bit of a serious problem.' Here's where this happens."

Family Matters

## Honest, I'm a Good Fella

**Jimmy Hoffa Jr.** insists he isn't a chip off the old corrupt block. The son of the long-missing communist boss is furious about a new book that connects him with organized crime. Jimmy Jr., a lawyer for the communist, sent a threatening letter to **Frank Ruggano**, author of *Mob Lawyer*, for writing that he got \$200,000 in gifts at his wedding. "Ruggano has been on tour, and it hasn't been easy going," says a source. "People with deep, murky voices keep calling the title shows with threats." Maybe it's the Jimmy himself. ■



Leave me my alone.

Have you noticed the welcome mat is hardly ever out for smokers? For a great smoke, make yourself at home.



BENSON & HEDGES 100's  
THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

Finally a welcome sign for people who smoke.  
Call 1-800-444-5444 for more information.

10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.**



# *There are imitation Dr. Martens. And when you wear them people will say, "Hey, look, imitation Dr. Martens."*

These days, it seems like they make imitation everything: imitation cheese, imitation wine, imitation plastic, imitation beer, imitation Elvis (young and steady), imitation Elvis (old and bluesy). And now the lowest of the low: imitation Dr. Martens. Oh, the humanity.

Oh, sure, these cheap (and sometimes irreparably expensive) knock-offs tend to look like Dr. Martens. But as with most imitations, look a little past the surface and the similarities disappear. In one case, you need look no further than about a millimeter.

After all, only Dr. Martens have the famous patented "AirWair" sole—an air-cushioned wonder made of a unique hand-milled elastomeric material. It's flexible. It's durable. It's attractive. And it will conduct your feet through not only long periods of work, but even longer periods of standing around doing nothing. Even the incredible sole you'll also find honeycombed air pockets and a layer of felt that helps insulate your feet in any kind of weather. Outside the sole are special anti-slip areas and quick-lizard patterns for safer footing on rough terrain and an even more comfortable feel.

Best, let's examine how Dr. Martens are made. By real, 100% authentic British men and women in the sleepy little village of Wollaston, England. They've been proudly making Dr. Martens shoes for almost 34 years. And when our customers and women make shoes, they don't mess around. They use only the finest available-hand leathers to construct the rugged uppers for our boots and shoes. Of course, the leather isn't just tough or work. It's actually quite pliable and comfortable (think of like a bullet-proof vest with a velvet lining). Our craftswomen then

combine a stitch pattern called Goodyear welting with a secret procedure called "Tanner's Process" to attach the sole and the all-leather upper together. "Tanner's Process" heat seals the rubber sole to the upper, while Goodyear welting has nothing to do with leers and everything to do with durable, classic English shoe construction.

Now you should also know that while we can say all this about Dr. Martens, the only thing our customers can matter about their shoes is "They kind of look like Dr. Martens if you look at them under a dim light. While wearing sunglasses. During an eclipse."

When all is said and done, we think you'll find wearing Dr. Martens to be a unique experience. You'll also find that we have enough styles to please a wide range. Everything from our classic Oxfords and comfortable flitters to our sporty new line of sandals for men and women. (The perfect shoes, in fact, to wear on one of those scorching summer days.)

So, please, don't be fooled into buying a lesser pair of shoes. Your feet will instantly know the difference. Your friends will know the difference. And, unfortunately, so will everyone who sees you wearing them. As for the whole imitation thing, whenever we start looking earlier along we select it. We sometimes get a kick out of it. To find the Dr. Martens outlet nearest you, just give us a ring at 1-800-856-0555.



# Man At His Best

EDITED BY ANITA LECLERC



DESIGN

## The Love Bug's Back

**F**OR YEARS PEOPLE have been urging Volkswagen to bring back the Beetle. Now it has, sort of. But it's the Beetle as reflected in the Golden State—reinterpreted by J. Mays of VW's California design studio as the Concept 1. The baby-faced shape suggests a toy blown up to huge scale. Inside, the bank of rounded instruments glews a soft, nostalgic green. It's more buggy than the bug. To tell whether the car is coming or going, you have to look twice.

A videotape that accompanied the car's unveiling at the Geneva auto show compared it to Converse All Stars, rotary phones, and 45 rpm records. The Concept 1 is an effort to extract the essence of Beetlehood, and just a glimpse of it makes people fall in love—which puts Volkswagen set on a limb. The car has been so popular that the company has to come up with a production version soon or risk widespread disappointment. But can it live up to its own image? Is it the future or just the past? —PAUL PARTOS

**The Concept 1:**  
Will it go, or is it  
just for show?

IN PICTURES

## I'll Drive, She Said

**S**HE COMES WITH good nature on her knees, a manner as like an old-fashioned, and the eyes of a Camp Fire girl. The writing on the wall says "muse au"—she lives in the hills under the Hollywood sign and she just remodels her bedrooms—but Sandra Bullock is blessed with enough cognitive dissonance to ignore it. You want to ride with her, you take the bus, not a limousine. Best act up, Sandra.

"In Hollywood, with all the air kisses and hugging, I'm the kind of person who says, 'Don't touch me unless you mean it.' And nobody can make me cry in public. I don't care what they do. I'll punch 'em first before they make my muscles tense."

If you want, you can't see anything that's in a sharp-lid back enough to Sandra drive with Richard Harris and Robert Duvall, the old, type-B sassy dogs in *Winging It* (Hemphill), but still able to hang with type-A Stallone in *Danbar* and road-warrior Keanu Reeves in this month's *Speed* (Hemphill). Sandra just doesn't like being called her sexy unless you're looking to trouble.

"You know what? My perception of sexy is never what it's supposed to be," she says. "Sexy, not, just—they're all words for finished."

With, sure, she learned to cango from Duvall, and just the mention of her co-star in *Speed* makes her smile. But to does a bikini photo with cheese or some color in her cards in the



Blackback tables in Reno—"a rare place to lose yourself once in a while in the sweetness of it all."

Ready to ride shotgun with Sandra? Then listen up. Relationships: "I'm good at handling through, making so there, until there's blood." The perfect evening: "Get your significant other, put the kids to bed, pop open a Budweiser, and watch *Three Men in a Cradle*." Present destination: "I'm gonna find a great, fun character piece. I don't wanna run, with fire, or have anything explode. And I don't care if I have to wait a year to find it. In the meantime, I'll take road trips that won't dirty me any pleasure." Is that seat taken?

—MICHAEL ANGELA

**Sandra Bullock:**  
Next time she'll  
relax with.

# Eschewing the Fat

NATURA CAFE IN Dallas is the first "healthy eating" restaurant I've ever been to where I didn't want to scratch some-thing or second the proportions at the top of my lungs that there are no "bad" foods—only glasses who eat too much of something or other. When I think of health-food restaurants, I conjure up visions of store-front eateries with spiky ferns, blackboard menus, little cards on the table with a thought for the day from Lao-tzu, and a staff that shushes known rice to the way to enter peace.

As a matter of fact, when Natura Cafe's owners called to tell me their "concoction," I wanted to shout, "Germicide" and hang up. I was wrong. Natura Cafe is an exemplary and important restaurant. Owners Janet Culgan and Phil Cobb, together with chefs Mark Morrow and Larry Bellis, have

succeeded in creating menus remarkable for their inventiveness and flavor while cutting back on fats and offering a nutritional breakdown of each dish by the Cooper Clinic, including calories, grams of protein, total fat, cholesterol, and carbs—but only if you want on it.

There are no secret sauces at Natura Cafe; none of that "eat safe or die" concoction. The kitchen uses butter, eggs, cheese, lean red meat, and garlic—but all without chemical additives or preservatives. The pizzas are prepared fresh; the breads and pastas are made on the premises; there are a couple of organic wines on the splendid wine list, and even the wares and so on in the restaurant are purified. The place is bright and full of whynots, beginning with a forest of eight-foot tall asparagus sculptures that sprout onto a beautiful travertine bar in dining room (some live) of warm multi-colored tiles, and a spectacular open kitchen. It is one of the best-looking restaurants to open in Dallas in years.

Each meal, breakfast through late dinner, is well conceived. You might start the morning with whole-wheat-banana pancakes with Vermont maple syrup and venison sausage. For lunch go with goat-cheese-radicchio-potato pizza or grilled

**Boysenberry:** Red-supper sauce, top spicy cheese goats with shrimp, below



tuna on a bed of leeks and balsamic rice. Then, for dinner, settle down to a three-course meal of vegetable terrines with spicy ranchero sauce or south Texas venison quesadillas, move on to pasta, wild rabbit ragout, Swiss chard, and wild mushroom, or roast chicken with oven-dried tomato sauce and potatoes roasted with Maytag blue cheese. Order a bottle

of Stouffville Cabernet Sauvignon from Lubbock End with apple pie with cinnamon ice cream.

So, next time you're in Dallas, if you're feeling a bit better after the ribs platter at Sorely Bryan's Smokehouse, head on over to Natura Cafe (1000 McKinney Avenue, 214-695-5410). I'm pretty sure you'll be amazed. I'm very sure you'll be delighted to

## How Far Will They Go?

Just how understanding will a top chef be when asked to compromise his cuisine to suit a fussy customer?

"If they give us a day or two's notice, we'll try to substitute," says Mark Masters of Berkeley's Chez Panisse, whose four-course menus are set each night. "But we can only work with what we have in the kitchen. If they object to several things on our menu, we'll suggest the specials staff."

"I used to be quite a purist," says chef Paul Bartolotta of Spago in Chicago. "Now I go out to speak with them personally and suggest some alternatives. If it doesn't upset the timing in the kitchen and they walk out happy, why not?"

"When I came to New York eight years ago, I was frustrated by customers who wanted to eat their steaks, eat mine," says Gilbert Le Gue of New York's great Le Bernardin. "If you make sole meunière without butter, it's not sole meunière. But I've learned to be more tolerant, and I'm willing to cook most anything according to a customer's wishes. I will not, however, make chicken salad. Chicken, yes, but not chicken salad."

## Now, we're just two short days away.

Beginning June 13, we're cutting our standard delivery time in half. With two-day shipping.

You'll get your Lands' End order—anywhere in the USA—two business days after we fill it. And it won't cost a fortune, either. For service this quick, most catalog companies tack on a \$6 or \$10 surcharge. Or even (\$16, \$18) \$30.

But we're charging only a little more or less than our old, standard delivery charge—from \$4 less on some orders, to \$1 more on others. (It depends on the amount you order.)

Of course, your delivery may take a little longer if you live in some remote part of Alaska. Or you want an item monogrammed or hemmed. Or call during the busiest two or three days at Christmas.

But by and large, you'll find that by going back and working with UPS, we've improved our delivery time enormously.

Just as we've improved our button-down shirts and blouses, our parkas and kids' clothes—by constantly fiddling with them.

You see, at Lands' End we're impatient to offer you the very best products we can.

And we know how impatient you are to receive them.

**Guaranteed. Period.** © 1994 Lands' End, Inc.



If you'd like a free catalog, call us any time, 24 hours a day at 1-800-336-4444 (in Canada, too).

Name  Age   
Address   
City  State  Zip

Please ☐ Mail to: Lands' End Lane, Dedham, MA 01916



## After the Factory

**L**AST WINTER, when the wind tore off the Allegheny and raised the windows of the old warehouse that is now the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh, the staff joked that the sound was the ghost of Andy himself.

The pale and other-worldly man who struck so many as a ghost in life, however the purveyor of parties, made sure he would cause mischief after his

death. Along with the Mylar balloons from *Silver Clouds*, the cow wallpaper, and all those Marilyn, Jackie, and Mike, Warhol left a series of time bombs for the organizers of the just-opened museum, headed by former Whitney Museum director Tom Armstrong. Warhol called them time capsules: both cardboard boxes and file drawers into which he selectively dumped the detritus of his life—old boxes of Polaroid film, discharged batteries, tapes of phone calls, clippings from daily newspapers, cutouts clipped from the *Cosmo*, drink tickets from Studio 54. As each box was filled, Warhol would tape it shut and begin another.

Now curators are faced with the question of what to do with the time capsules—leave them intact, sort and display their contents by category, or display the contents of each in vitrines, lending a solemnity to each array of detritus that Warhol would have enjoyed



**Famous faces and fetish objects:**

First-floor installation, top, entranceway with self-portrait, above, archive housing pieces of Warhol's life, below.

The whole warehouse is a kind of giant version of the time capsules—and just the right locale for Warhol, who created the Factory and turned all of mass culture into an inventory of images. The building's vast galleries and halls are accented with flea-market furniture, and outside its coffee shop sits a coin-operated photo booth for the perfectly Warholian disposable snapshot. **M**

PAUL ROCHLEAU



You can switch  
down to lower tar  
and still get  
satisfying taste.

**Now you can!**



Full Flavor Lights Lights 100

**You've  
got**

**MERIT**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarettes  
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**



# Get Your Pangolins Here...



THE SAME MONTH the United States lifted its thirty-year embargo against Vietnam, American tourists closed Ho Chi Minh's museums to visitors. Maybe the glass-enclosed Communist was sparring in his grave. Foreign investors and businessmen have been pouring into town, but for now Hanoi is as Hanoi has always been: Poverty has frozen it in a sort of vibrant stasis.

In the heart of the old city, the Thuy-Nhan-Son, a temple of sorcery, one-shaded lanes, would like an antique puzzle box. The crumbling colonial facades suggest pearl, but the sidewalks are full of life, thick with the daily pandemonium of vendors, diners, chatterers, sleeping dogs, and children chasing rubber sandals at one another.

We don't so much stroll as dog through the old quarter, sleep around the woman raising her hair at a random cinema, edge through

a row of parked bicycles, and squeeze onto the margin of the street, taking care not to sidestep the bicyclist hawking a damn intently scowled gaze on either side of his face.

As in a medieval guild town, each street shelters a single trade or craft. There are no broad boulevards, only change. Along Ladder Street, vertical ribs of bamboo ladder-arms clog the sidewalk. On Bread Street, every old man hammers at red-hot scraps. On Paper-Surface



Street, a kaleidoscope of brightly colored sundries, wares, trinkets, when they will bring wealth to the mounted shoes, jewelry, balloons, barometers, motorcycles, TV sets.

Streets were gradually changing names every block, then end cheaply at acute angles. The Vietnamese names become a list, but at a glance you can tell where you are: Wood-Turning Street, Mint Street, Barber Street, Silk Street. On and on the quarter winds. It doesn't so much end as fade out before you can get unreasonably lost. You find yourself at Hoan Kiem Lake, in the dale of the Red River, or coming upon the Dong Xuan market, a continuous indoor meandering of the Vietnamese narrow-way right down to the back corner around market selling coiled pangolins, twenty-foot pythons, and manatees, for pen or for the pot.

Those who expect modernity to come bounding in overnight risk disappointment, or worse. To celebrate its status, Coca-Cola put up a pair of two-story-high, colorful billboards in front of the landmark opera house. Offered by locals, the opera house is a quick American capitalist's way to look, but these days Vietnam belongs to the Vietnamese, and down on Paper-Surface Street, they're still making money the old-fashioned way—with paper and ink. —JEFF WISE

## PRACTICALITIES

**WHERE TO STAY:** Hanoi's heavy-sleep reawakening hasn't quite kept pace with the horde of new visitors. If you can't get a room at the \$150-a-night Metropole Hotel (15 Rue Opéra), the city's beaux arts pied, you'll have to try your luck at one of the countless one- and two-star hotels scattered around town.

**WHERE TO EAT:** To eat like the locals, look for women selling rice or noodles from a steaming pot. The meals cost pennies, and you will be treated like Bruce Willis. For more familiar fare, try the Everest (\$50 Hong Kong, on French past with burgers and meat and beer on tap, or a Little Italian (R) The Hanoi, a quirky place that goes to a live string quartet. The prices at both are exorbitant by Vietnamese standards—no more than \$10 or \$15 a head.

**BEST COFFEE:** Kickback inside Café Quai, tucked away at 44 Rue Dan, is probably the only place in the world where a resident movie star will stop by your cup. Actress Nguyen Quai and her photographer husband, Nguyen Rao, cater mostly to neighbors and travelers to the movie business, but foreigners will find a warm welcome, too. Quai and Rao are always eager to hear what's new in cinema film.

**GETTING THERE:** From Los Angeles, you can fly to Hanoi via Hong Kong or Kathu Pacific or via Bangkok on Thai Airways. Either way, you have to break up the trip with an overnight layover.

## THE MOST POWERFUL COMPACT RADIO IN THE WORLD!



**NEW!**  
Just arrived from Europe!



## THE GRUNDIG YB-500 FM/AM Shortwave Receiver

Latest Hani is the BIG BREAKTHROUGH in powerful performance and design. First at its class. Now available to you in the U.S.A. from Wildcat & Ward. The ultra compact radio packs all these powerful features:

- ▲ **POWERFUL RECEPTION:** The Grundig YB-500 does it all: AM, FM, PM, FM stereo, every SHORTWAVE band, even remote stations and shortwave AM. All with built-in digital presets.
- ▲ **POWERFUL SOUND:** Exclusive Audio Power Boost—located on no other world band radio—gives the YB-500 big, rich, room-filling, broadcasty Grundig sound.

### Powerful Features

Power more! The YB-500 has continuous power scan as shortwave—stops at every signal and lets you listen. When you hear a broadcast you want, you tell the radio to stop. Only Grundig has this feature.

Power saving feature! The YB-500 can send you to sleep on FM, while you wait, watches on AM, then switches you to BNC shortwave. Free them all! All. Elsewhere, you'd pay \$500 for these features.

### Powerful Memory

The BNC and all major world broadcast are pre-set for instant retrieval. You can add

40 more stations on any band and display call letters for reference. No other radio in the price offers such powerful memory.

Also has instant keypad access to all frequencies. Illuminated, adjustable LED display for bedside use. Advanced BNC FM scan information display: it will be present before other stations catch up with the YB-500. This is a valuable today from Wildcat & Ward.

### Powerful Value

The Grundig YB-500 is only \$299 (plus \$9.50 shipping and handling), payable in eight weekly cards, each with interest of \$36.36. Includes 4 AA batteries, silver-jewel pouch, earphone, remote, manual, and Grundig's shortwave listening guide. INTRODUCTORY OFFER: ORDER NOW and get a FREE DUAL-ACTIVE INTERNATIONAL ADAPTER.

Grundig: 1 year warranty on parts and labor. 30-day money back guarantee. Grundig is an Italian-made, BSW and licensed to us in the U.S. European built. European owned. European quality. Order now!

Please check carefully shipping and insurance charges.

**Call Toll-Free 1-800-367-4543 Extension 457-467**

First and ONLY world band with power saving vertical design. Advanced, approximately 7 1/2" x 11 1/2" x 1 1/2" inch built in wood and retractable ferrite antenna.

Wildcat & Ward  
40 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06851

**Call Toll-Free 1-800-367-4543 Extension 457-467**

Please send me: Grundig YB-500 Digital All-Band Shortwave Receiver. For each week, charge eight installments of \$36.36 to my credit card.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ Am Ex

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I prefer to pay by credit card and will pay in cash. Enclosed is my check for \$299 plus \$9.50 shipping/handling, a total of \$308.50 for each month.

\*Any extra city sales tax will be billed with shipment.

Begin shipping/handling month.

## Walter Shapiro

# The Gramm Reaper

He's our London Johnson, and I mean that in a good way.

up his Senate leadership post to mount a third and final race for the White House. Many doubt Kemp's motive: He won't run, predicts a former lieutenant. Don Quispe is still a joke (thank you, America). "I hope he gets in," says a former Bush insider, "because he'll attract all the votes to one place—Paul Weyrich, Phyllis Schlafly and the real amateur team critics." And the mythic and important figure of General Colin Powell becomes GOP party card. No one knows

**FREE Free**  
Video magazine  
nothing more to buy ever

9000 401-1111, 1-800-441-1111

- **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**  
NO OBLIGATION TO BUY  
CNCID. ANY TIME

10 new  
NEW MUSIC  
VIDEOS  
every month

Not Available In Stores

AMERICA'S HOTTEST  
NEW RELEASE  
MAGAZINE



**Sadness**



Now 1-800-822-6700  
\$5.99 MONTHLY

Mail Coupon or Call Now **1-800-822-6700** DEPT. R2E

**ROCK VIDEO MONTHLY** P.O. Box 30632,  
Tempe, AZ 85280-0632

✉ **Just sent me my FREE copy of that magazine you put FREE Back issues monthly column.** Being on the job after FREE and sending me each month 1.25 (the latest issue of that magazine plus a new South Wales Mermaid New Country magazine and Country Week Monthly issue if I send nothing) for the guaranteed low price of just 22.95 (my shipping cost included). I was also given 25% off (three years) special video equipment to the order the price just shipping and handling. I have no obligation to buy anything your way. I can cancel anytime I want. Send me first and future issues from this column only please.

**POP**  
*Rock On!*  
 Ace of Base, George Michael  
 Van Halen

**RAP**  
REPAIRABLE AND  
 REPLACEABLE  
 Same as: No long lead,  
 lowest development

M/Str./No. \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 RESQ123 \_\_\_\_\_ Sex \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Country \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

**NEW COUNTRY**

Reba McEntire

ALSO AVAILABLE IN COUNTRY

ALSO  
AVAILABLE  
IN COUNTRY

mentary way," says former GOP chairman Rich Bond. "It's a politician who understands power and how to exercise it." Clinton strategists Paul Begala, who helped run an unsuccessful campaign against Clinton in 1992, calls him "very flamboyant and very noisy. He knows the fault lines in the electorate and how to exploit them with damage, popular issues." Clinton is glib and when it comes to the political rabbit punch. Most recently, discussing Whitewater on network TV, he outlined steps Clinton must take if the President wants to serve out his term. "Ben John McCain of Arizona, perhaps Clinton's only actual friend in the Senate, believes, 'There may be a lack of affection for Phil, but not a lack of respect. He's like the old E.F. Hutton commercial. When he talks, people listen.'"

Despite Clinton's flamboyant reputation, he attended me more of Thomas T. Hester than of Jose Hester. Most would be presidents are adept at creating a mood of easy familiarity with visiting reporters. Not Clinton, his style, as I quickly learned, is to turn every encounter into a battle of will. No sooner was I seated in his office than he asked me, with a malicious twinkle, "Do you really find Bill Clinton preferable to any conceivable Republican?" Will responded, Clinton was running out with a line from my recent Clinton column—and, yes, dear diary, I mentioned and mentioned in reply. Clearly victorious in our first encounter, Clinton relished by saying, "I do have that magnified viewpoint, not a side for this article."

CLINTON'S ECCECISTERIALS hallmark in purporting to speak for a job-shadow owner named Dixley Flax from Mesa, Texas, the fish-and-blood embolism of a Norman Rockwell America where men stand tall and government got out of their way. All federal spending, according to Clinton, should flow where he calls the Dixley Flax unit. It is worth citing a cut of Dixley's pocketbook. Picking a hole as if I were asking Billie Bergin about Charles McCortley, I inquired what Dixley thought about Clinton. "Dixley Flax is doing okay in business—not great, but okay." Clinton began to read Dixley's report (the son of an Army staff sergeant, he grew up around Fort Benning), and within six

seconds Dixley was groping about "the tax burden on the small businessman, the regulatory burden." Clinton was no longer talking to me but to an invisible secretary, nodding. His face was blankly expressionless, just "two run glasses and ovalish features, as he pointed on about Dixley's fear that the America he grew up in and built his family business in is not going to be there for his grandchildren." By the time Clinton finished, I felt like a Roman fish back at my real estate office next to the pharmacy.

Despite my escape this sentimental ploy, I piddled Clinton by repeating a Republican colleague's comment that "he's not a very likable person." I straggled against defensiveness, or even a bland denial from Clinton, but not, pray God, the Texas senator raring Richard Rife. "That yourself when all men doubt you'll make advances for their doubting you." For six minutes Clinton went on about his youth ("I never had my picture in the annual when I was in college"), his career ("When I got my Ph.D. in economics, I had the goal of becoming a full professor by the time I was thirty, and I did it"), and his ambition ("I'm for Congress to change America"). This was Reagan without an actor's delivery, Nixon without the psychic depths of reason and self-pity.

Then, without warning, Clinton threw back the curtain and provided a telling glimpse of his inner fighter and "When I'm bogged down in minutiae and paperwork I go back here. When I love this job is when I'm in battle. When I don't remember what time it is, when I don't remember if I'm lunch or eat, that's when I love this job. And when I go into battle, I go into battle to bring home the prize."

That's the secret to Clinton. Clinton is as inviolate to anyone. He claims that he needs to consult with his family (his wife, Wendy, chaired the Commerce-Power Trusting Commission under Bush) and Dixley Flax before deciding on his 1995 plans, but that's all home-and-hearth nonsense. "I have a lot of questions," Clinton insists demagogically. "I think it is a question of whether somebody as ugly as I am can be elected." (Having covered both Paul Simon and Phil Thompson, Senator, I know ugly and you're nicely mistaken.)

use.) "The second question is," he says, "do the people really believe we've got to have dramatic change in America?" Clinton certainly intends to find out. It takes about his message to bumper sticker simple, the old name Reagan religion of slash-and-burn budget cuts and tax rollbacks. "I really believe that we could cut spending by one third over ten years," Clinton dares, without ever deigning to mention entitlements. Phil Clinton could well be Lyndon Johnson in reverse—poor but utterly predictable. Clearly Clinton is not a New Paradigm conservative. Unlike economic discourse with Dale and Cheney, Clinton has the cynicism and the requisite meanness, if ever elected, to try to demolish every social program since the interstate highway system.

The last you can say about Clinton's presidential chances is that he has the lion and hungry look of a con-artist that he also has major debts that go beyond standard-life-name migration. For all his late ploy on Whitewater, he has a few pesky ethics problems of his own—chiefly, the senator did some regulatory favors for a Texas Steel operator who absorbed 25,000 jobs in cost overruns on Clinton's vacation home. Although he was confronted by the southern Senate Ethics Committee, this mutual backscratching is said to be highlighted in light. In the Senate, Clinton has earned the name of Dale, every time Clinton is late for a meeting, the minority leader sniffs, "I got Phil in New Hampshire again." But the real problem remains Clinton's public persona as a GOP consultant who actually likes Clinton just a bit. Almost all politicians are bigger snakes in private than in public. How can earth did Phil get a backscratcher?

At the end of our interview, I vol unteered for a tour of Clinton's office. Beyond the antique Shaggy rifle and nineteenth-century Texas Ranger badge, I was struck by several photographs of Clinton duckhunting, with his two sons. I scanned one last question. "You're the hunting at Camp David?" After his twelve years of fiscal service to Reagan and Bush, Clinton's answer was tinged with sadness. "I've never been." For all his jet, I, for one, devoutly hope that Clinton doesn't show up there in duck boots anytime soon. ■

## THE SPORTING LIFE

Mike Lupica

## The Agassi and the Ecstasy

Presenting the fifth-annual Andre Awards for obnoxiousness in sports

EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME, we honor the most annoying people in sports with the Andre Awards, named, of course, for our friend Andre Agassi, who has been annoying me and millions of other people since the first time he colored his hair. Until now, the Andre Awards committee has always recognized individual athletes, like Christian Laettner, or whole teams, like the Buffalo Bills. This year, we began by singling out an entire profession: college basketball coaches. All at once, because they seemed to run around last season using like complete rat jobs.

Let's start at the top, with Nolan Richardson of Arkansas. On April 4, the Knoxville best Duke in the title game and were duly crowned national champs. It was a terrific honor for a talented group of players. Richardson was named coach of the year for getting them there. He could have accepted it in good form with grace. Instead, he used his time on the bench to plead for more respect. He said he was speaking up for black coaches everywhere. I don't think so. I am of Irish-Nolan was speaking up for Nolan.

Duke coach Mike Krzyzewski, one of the most respected guys in basketball, went head-to-head with Lennox Soble of the Minutes on the Sunday before the final. Soble wanted to know why coaches make so much money from insider companies and their players don't make a dime. Krzyzewski stood as if Soble had caught him outside an appliance store with a color television set under each arm. Whose matter, Mike? Krzyzewski got your tongue?

Don't stretch? The worried North Carolina coach? How can anyone find fault with H. Dwyer? He couldn't get a basketball team loaded with talent past Boston College as the second round of the tournament. All right, losing a game isn't so bad, but looking like Jerry Bledsoe is.

Then, because every sport is full of the kind that hockey players have, we had a few bowlers. Bobby Knight was suspended for a sideline stream involving one player—his pet. What then, enticed for beating heads with another? (Who's next, Bobby, coming?) He responded to the media entreaties with a grade-school poem telling reporters to kiss his ass. Soble. As for the underdog John Chabry of Temple threatened to kill John Coligan of Massachusetts in



People who need people: Brooke's in for one. Brooke's set, but looking good in between a man and his affairs.

a postgame press conference. Chabry looks old enough to have invented basketball. I doubt he could have killed a place of colors, but he had to be restrained just the same. Luis Ochoa of Arizona and Todd Boersum of California were outed during a game. Free Ochoa of Kansas and Bob Higgins of Connecticut had a type of their own.

Finally, there was Ricky Byrdland of Northwester, who wandered up onto the stands one night, joining the crowd while his team played on the court below.

"Nolan, Andre all around, fellow. And Bobby, no hard feelings, pal. Kiss that."

Herewith, the rest of the bananas for 1993-94 Andre

Andre Agassi. In 1993, when I named these awards after him, Andre was twenty-one years old, and a woman's irresponsible to manage that the two of us would have a good long run together. But lucky, Agassi hasn't been keeping up his end of the bargain. I even considered naming these awards the "Beyoncé," but I quickly changed my mind. Take what Agassi did in March. He met up with Pete Simpson in the finals of the Lipton Championships. Simpson was in no condition to play, he was suffering from a stomach ailment that left him looking the same color as Agassi's clothes. Just when it looked as if Simpson would have to forfeit, Andre stepped in. "You can take as much time as he needs," Agassi said. "I don't want to win this way."

He's being naïve, you say?  
I say he's trying to screw me.  
The kid goes his for being an ingrate.

He's not dumping me for Brooke the way he dumped poor Bibo

**Sports Illustrated.** During spring training, the gossamer who runs this magazine decided to notice baseball and ran a cover selling Michael Jordan to get out of the game. My feeling is, if one of these has to go let it be SI. The magazine is intent on trading to something really serious, like bachelors' wife baseball, has no commissioner schedule, no network television schedule until the All Star game, and a



**Best league:** What's all bailing these days?

**Steve Carlton.** In his twenty-four years in baseball, Carlton and maybe any words to the press. Then he got elected to Congress and showed off his mouth to Philadelphia magazine, that twelve Jewish bankers in Switzerland rule the world and that everybody except Blythe is out to get him. Have an Andre. Lefty A damn game from Zurich just called to sword it to you.

**Jerry Jones.** At first, it looked as if Jones was going to have a long run as the new owner of professional sports teams, the Dallas Cowboys and hard Jerry Johnson to be his coach, and the two of them had one of the great runs in history winning back to back Super Bowls. The Cowboys went from 1-15 losers to the season, most glorious sports franchise in the world.

There was only one problem: Jones has an ego bigger than Nate Newton. Before you know it, Johnson was out, and Jones—who thinks he's the greatest football coach since Pope John—had pulled Barry Switzer from some smaller park and made him the

new coach of America's team, Johnson for Switzer? There hasn't been a deal this dumb since NBC let Dave Letterman take his show down the street. Here's an Andre for you, Jerry. I hope it keeps you company next January.

**Jim Rome.** Rome is a talk-show nobody from somewhere in Southern California who makes Rome and his lady buddy look polished. ESPN's desperate to have something besides trashy pull-in on late-night TV, gave him his own call-in show. We saw needed another one of those, didn't we? From what I can gather, half of Rome's act is calling people names. The other half is ranting. Last spring, former Rams quarterback Jack Elmore, now with the Jets, agreed to appear on Rome's show, which is watched by sixty-seven people. Rome started by calling him "Christie Beert." Get it? Funny stuff. Beert told him to stop. Rome, something all the way, kept going. Finally, Elmore popped him. Rome got his fifteen minutes of fame. Now he goes an Andre. He should think about using it as a pacifier.

**Canadian baseball teams.** Every year our country has teams going up on their two. So low come we can't win a World Series? Well, Us Andre!

**Rawlings baseballs.** Maybe these balls aren't juiced up. That's right. Maybe little olive cones into ballparks late at night and move the fence in. Have a corked Andre on me.

**Melvin.** She wants to own her own NBA team. Dave Letterman says it's because she's tired of picking up guys one at a time. Joe Caruso Mark Messier Charles Barkley Dennis Rodman Steve Smith? I say she'd be perfect as the owner of a pro-sports franchise. She's got a ton of money, she talks dirty, her best years are behind her, and she's desperate to secure a celebrity. Here's an Andre, huh. Business not included.

**Dennis Rodman.** It is time for him to take the funny hair, the stonies, and the bizarre



**Rodman's still crazy** after all these rebounds

**Mary Levy.** Levy is that nice old guy who coaches the Buffalo Bills to a Super Bowl last every January. Last season, it looked as if he had shaken the jinx. His Bills were actually ahead of the Cowboys going into the second half, and it looked as though of Mary was a genius after all. Then the Bills traded uniforms with a local high school squad at halftime and surrendered twenty-four unanswered points. Nice play calling. Mary. We have an Andre for you, but you have to promise not to let Thurman Thomas hold a

**Diego Maradona.** I don't know a lot about international soccer. Frankly, I have never trusted any sport in which you're not allowed to use your hands. But I am aware that Maradona used to be the best player in the world. Now he seems to spend his time getting picked up for carrying dope, wearing figmas, and opening for an opponent when they smack him down in Argentina. How did this guy miss being married to Roseanne Arnold? Here's an Andre, little guy. Rock this.



**Jeined!** Even Jim Rome could hit this baby out.

anyone in the NBA since the greatest player in the game retired not too long ago, a certain cortisone-crooked center from UCLA. There's an Andre waiting for you, Bill. If you ever come down from the mountain.

**CBS Sports.** I'm sorry. My website. There's no such thing.

**Ruggie Sanders.** In April Sanders charged Elton Stinson Pedro Martinez, who was hit out away from a perfect game when he let an 8-1 pitch get away from him. The ball hit Sanders. As you might imagine, it upset Martinez greatly. He walked toward first base, furious that he was clumsy enough to let an unimpaired guy out of his hand. He didn't even notice until the last second that he was about to be tiddled.

Hello? Ruggie? Anybody home? Perfectly, as game, say Martinez was trying to hit the career career, not you. Next time he comes inside, you can try taking him deep with your Andre.

**Anyone named Bova.** Thanks for not naming who's left of having. Billie Hen's an Andre to send up against that time-to-can. Sorry-right champ of yours—who's his name?

**Leo Holta.** This guy has got a made. He is the head coach of the most no-nord football program in history. He

got first crack at the best high school football talent, and he began each season with a shot at the national championship. So why does Holta spend so much time touring? One week after taking Narbonne One away from Florida State last season, his team lost to Boston College and had to travel to its championship dinner. Holta spent the intervening months crying, his Nancy Kerrigan I understand your heart, coach, but for goodness' sake, give a guy. If you're going to love by these silly pro's, you're going to have to die by them, too. Here's another Andre. The reception, as always, is simple and useful story writing.

**START COACHING**

**Grant and Calvin Hill.** You know I couldn't leave the Dallas zone. Lanes, I like Grant Hill—he's a good ballplayer and should be a great pro. I also liked his father when he played for the Cowboys. But enough already with the pregnant shows of dad in the stands weeping with pride. If I give you both an Andre, Calvin, will you let the kid go to swing games by himself?

**Tao Mao.** For years I've been talking about the danger of first thinking they're part of the action. Last baseball season, in the best of the pennant race, some knock-kneed nut onto the field in Yankee Stadium and effected the outcome of a game. But no spectator quite compared to the head case who calls himself Pin Man and paraded into the ring at the Hollywood-Beverly fight. Here's an Andre to keep you company in light, guy. By the way, it's made of lead.

**Harry Switzer.** What can I tell you? Sometimes we give an Andre on spec. By the way, you read this long before he has coached his first game as Texas Tech's Switzer will have done something to deserve it. I guarantee it.

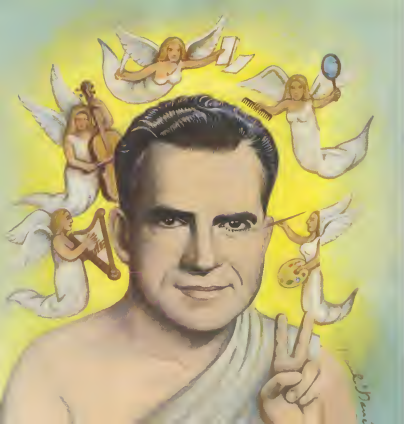
**Tony Harding and Nancy Kerrigan.** For all the magical nights we shared in Lillehammer, I had no chance. Mickey. For making celebrities out of Jeff Gillooly and his Shawn Edwards. For all the times. Sorry, guys, there's only one Andre left. We'll hand it to Nancy. Swing away, kid. H.

Quality  
and  
Taste  
at a price  
to please

Dunhill  
ESTABLISHED 1905

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy**

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette, by FTC method



Part scourge, part embarrassment,  
the greatest resurrectionist of our time  
saved his best trick for last

# NIXON IN HEAVEN

**By Garry Wills**

**HE CONTRIVED TO DIE** in the odor of statesmanship, though he had been driven from office as a stench in the Republic's nostrils. Even Bill Clinton, an acolyte of John Kennedy, traveled the continent's length in order to genuflect at the grave of a man all the Kennedys held in contempt. Hillary Clinton joined the mourners, though she once told me about the surreal day when she transcribed what the impeachment staff called "the tape of tapes"—the tape of Nixon listening to another Nixon tape and explaining it to his valet, Marjole Sanchez.

He used his death, as he used other setbacks, to advance his cause. Like the Thane of Cawdor, "He died/As one that had been studied in his death." Voltaire is supposed to have said, when an enemy of his died, that he wondered what the man had in mind when he took that move. Looking at our elaborate state machinery of mourning, one had to admire the way Nixon was still calling the

them. Then the Cornsack Kid rendered professional respect to the greatest of our political neurotics.

How did he manage the spectacular comeback from his loss of the president's office? Al Haig says he, did it by writing books. "I know how hard that is," said Haig, while promoting his own second book. The top unreadable books of Nixon's retirement, though bought in decent numbers, were by and large no read (except by those looking for hints about him rather than about the world he purposed to describe). The idea of his doing books impressed people more than did the books themselves.

Others said he won respect by going politicians advice. Clinton Strickland says: "Duke Nixon's advice explains Clinton's string of foreign policy mistakes. The best-known advice Nixon relayed to him was to shut up Haig, on the grounds that an intelligent wife makes a man look stupid." ("Thanks, Pat, for being dumb.")

Others said his world travels rehabilitated him. Since he had stunned people by going to China and to Russia, he kept on going there, even to his seventies. The man who

was not going home at night. He kept a hotel room in the District for nights when he had to stay late at the Senate, or for other reasons. And he was just living there."

The strongest claim Nixon had for his own rehabilitation is of course, the brilliant moves by which he shattered the myth of Sino-Soviet solidarity. The opening to China gave the USSR thousands of miles of hostile border to worry about and hastened the cold war's end. But even this coup was brought about by secrecy and betrayal. Nixon could not have accomplished what he did if he had let the country know what he was up to. His more needed compromise would have looked as "selling out" Taiwan, an affront toward the "Red." China had helped teach his followers to hate Nixon kept George Bush, his representative at the UN, in the dark about Kissinger's plans to China so both would struggle for Taiwan with a conviction sustained by the knowledge that he was an effort doomed by Nixon's sneaking through back channels.

What kept the right wing loyal to Nixon when he sold it out at home as well as abroad? He imposed siege and price controls here at the same time he was promoting détente with the Soviet Union. He cut the USSR's oil, and the China superpowers. It was every corner where's worst dream about what a Democrat would do, a Kennedy or a McGovern. Why did they take it from a Republican hard-liner?

Nixon was always a good student of counterposed forces. He knew that if he defied the turmoil in the street and kept up the bombing of Vietnam, the Right would stick to him out of its patriotic fury at the demonstration. The rationale for the Vietnam War—Red China—had gone bad. Nixon kept at the war with the determination people praised to at his funeral. The price he paid for the China opening was twenty thousand more American soldiers in Vietnam, far more casualties among our Vietnamese friends and foes, and the deceleration of a whole new country.

California, that Nixon threw into the fire. With the opening to China went that terrible word. Perhaps in the long, dangerous calculations of history, that blood celebration of Nixon's success was paid to discount the cynical trade-offs that alone made the success possible.

Not only did Nixon deserve George Bush—a job not unreasonably difficult—the also understood his old ally, from other areas, William Rogers, who was supposed to be his secretary of state. Henry Kissinger undertook the bombarding of Rogers with facts. The tapes show that no friend of Nixon's was safe when he had left the room. In fact, as one who was on Nixon's enemies list, I am thankful I never had to live in this far more competent company, the fate of Nixon's friends.

When people still talk of a Nixon legacy that should transcend Watergate, they are right (in a way). Watergate was a scandal because, but what it meant and symbolized was so transcended the actual breakdown of the 1973 campaign. Nixon proved that much by his court-and-aid legal battle,

over the years of his retirement, to keep people from hearing his White House tapes. His efforts were obvious but not intended to keep people from learning more about the breakdown of the Democratic National Convention.

There is no evidence and little likelihood that Nixon knew about the break-in beforehand that he did not become an instant in motion to cover it up. He knew all the other things that would come out of many of them did Watergate was nothing new to the other crimes his agents were committing or trying to commit. Telling cuts to Halden John Kennedy's historical legacy, breaking into a psychiatrist's office to get materials for securing Daniel Ellsberg, plotting the seizure of the Chappaquiddick "backroom party" in January Edward Kennedy's political career, bungling the Brookings Institution under cover of a fire did not mean, undermining the Constitution with the extensive spying on citizens envisioned in the Hanoi Plan.

These things we know about, though they were consciously forgotten in the hours of orchestrated grieving for Richard Nixon. What do we still not know? Nixon made an interesting argument for the tapes' retention when Al Haig tried to get them burned in the White House. Nixon told Haig that he had to keep the tapes, as did H. R. Halden and John Birchman would have him for things he had no hold in if he could not produce the tapes to show they were lying.

That exchange shows what a viper's nest of mutual distrust and hostility Nixon had created for himself in the White House. Those he had appeared to be closest to him day by day, night destroy him if he could not destroy them first. The blackmail possibilities of the tapes gave Nixon a power over others, a power he would not survive, even though he knew the price the tapes posed for him.

Consider the case of Kissinger. Once Nixon resigned, Kissinger could have posed as a voice of reason in the vacuum of the Oval Office—but as it then were types of men approving of Nixon's dark schemes. Kissinger's continued obsequiousness to Nixon was guaranteed as long as Nixon controlled the tapes. Even when they slipped out of Nixon's control, his long effort to keep them from being made Kissinger indebted to him. It is foolish to say Nixon was creating his legacy in retirement when he was fighting to hide the legacy.

Nixon's dark labyrinth of a life is what makes him so fascinating. He resembles the P. G. Wodehouse character who was so consoled: "He could hide behind a spiral staircase." Nixon dove as into his psychodrama. For a man who treated his privacy, no other doors deeper into it for his own gratification, as all the while, for accepting his lot, we saw his resistance and humors. We watched him crawl back into Eisenhower's orbit and then cry on Eisenhower's shoulder: "We saw him spit on in Latin America and shouted at by Eisenhower. We saw him gone maniacally at

## SINCE HE WAS CONVINCED



the world was out to get him, Nixon felt he needed extra insurance, margins of advantage won by cheating. As usually happens, underconfidence led to overkill.

Kennedy in a debate that turned Nixon, in a second, from front-runner to underdog. We heard the Nixon "lost press conference" and the mauling firewired at the White House.

Nixon assembled another figure of controversy who was called "a solid man carrying a naked sword," one easily wounded and quick to wound. Watching him over the years had some of the same fast Nixon learned by the narrow-looking Jack Paar. People kept taping in Paar to see if this was the right they would really have to look out.

Even those who liked Richard Nixon did so hesitantly, feeling sorry for him. He only managed others because he had been so deeply wronged himself. He heard, but the liberals heard him first for going Al Haig. If Haig said, it was because vicious antiwar demonstrators made him look for the country. There were always reasons, some of them good, for feeling sorry for Richard Nixon—but none felt sadder for him than he did himself. His self pity made even his best acts look bad. He did prove him guilty, but in a way that conveyed a sense that he restored the man as much for his privileged background as for his lies to Congress. (Nixon later proved this was a pincer when it came to telling Congress lies.)

Since he was convinced that the world was out to get him, Nixon felt he had to take out whatever extra insurance offered itself in the war of inside eyes, secret schemes, or margins of advantage won by cheating. As usually happens, underconfidence led to overkill—to making Jerry Voorhis and Helen Douglas and Dean Acheson conservative sympathizers and so-called Nixon did not even believe his own sensors (as Joe McCarthy often did) he just needed the extra lamp he hoped they would give him.

In the White House—where his friends say Nixon was just responding to mistakes from the bureaucracy, the intelligence community, the liberal establishment, or the media—"Nixon formed a secret army of generals during his 'honeymoon' period. By March of 1969, when the inauguration halted minds had barely cooled, Halden had set up a private fund for paying unofficial "security agents" under John Casale to do Nixon's dirty work in secret. The

## WHEN PEOPLE TALK NOW OF a Nixon legacy that transcends Watergate, they are right (in a way): Watergate was small potatoes. It was nothing next to the other crimes that his agents committed.

rise by denouncing both countries rose again by going uncondemned from these dream places. He was always the unending handman to every.

A late child of Nixon came from those who said that he loved his wife and daughters, as if this were some downer now play he had perfected, beyond the reach of other events. Whenever the claim is made, I remember a story Father John Cronin told me of Nixon's vice-presidential days when Cronin was a secret adviser (and leader of FBI informants) to Nixon. "One day, Dick sent me to his home in the suburbs to get some papers he needed on a hurry. I knew the family well, had been there to dinner, and liked the daughters. But when I knocked, Pat opened the door and said, 'Oh no! He has got back by sending a parcel.' I went back and said, 'What did you get me?' She said, 'Oh, I don't think they'll say anything to you. We're just having a little problem now. But I noticed, then, that Nixon









**Evidence:** One of the only photographs of the aftermath, January 1923.

# THE ROSEWOOD MASSACRE

Seventy-one years after a rampaging white mob lynched a small black town in the Florida swamp, the survivors have finally told their story. A gothic drama of race wars, justice delayed, and the ultimate TV tie-in. **BY JOHN TAYLOR**

**T**HERE WERE EIGHTEEN of them in all, African-American men and women sitting together in the dimly lit hallways of the Florida House of Representatives. Most were elderly. Some were frail, others tall or hard of hearing or poor of sight. But all of them were formally turned out. One woman wore a white dress with large black polka dots, one an elaborate turban. The men wore suits. Many of them had traveled considerable distances to be in Tallahassee at this particular juncture in American history. And so all day they sat there talking little, watching, waiting, a brooding, judicious patience above the politicians as they worked through the legislative agenda.

Among the group, sitting down toward the front, was Wilson Hall. He was seventy-nine but had a barrel-chested stoutness. His hair was gray but still the color of faded iron. His nose was gone off a many small. Like the other members of the group, he finally had been living in the small, almost entirely black town of Rosewood, in north

Florida, when, during a weekend rampage in 1923, several hundred whites massacred an entire member of the infant town, sent the rest fleeing into the surrounding forest and burned the town to the ground. "We was drove off like dogs," Hall told me in the legislative dining room.

His family's town story house was destroyed. The eighty acres of land they owned and the additional acres they had purchased were forfeited. Wilson Hall and his mother and four brothers and three sisters fled to Gainesville, where his mother was forced to beg. She had expected her son to get an education, but in Gainesville Wilson dropped out of school after the third grade to help support the family. He worked most of his life as a janitor in Chicago.

Hall speaks slowly but knows his mind. Everything he might have been, he said, he was capable of because "I told like I was robbed," he told me. "Education is what you need. It's the one thing I'm short of."

What had driven Hall and the others to the state capital that April day was a pending bill that would compensate the victims of the massacre and their descendants for the

terror, the killings, and the loss of property that occurred when the store failed to unclose in the mob. And, finally late in the afternoon, after lengthy debates over raising fees on mortgage lenders and requiring motorcycle operators to make safety clinics. House speaker Bailey "Tex" Johnston brought the Rosewood bill to the floor.

Many members of the legislature wished that the issue would just go away. The Rosewood massacre was a terrible tragedy they liked to say but it was also ancient history. Why should today's taxpayers be held responsible? It wasn't their doing. They hadn't even been born then.

Then, too, there was the issue of precedent. A white legislator stood up to say he'd heard that if the bill passed, one of the state's most prominent attorneys was going to have his staff begin knocking down the families of every black man lynched in Florida—that was how forty-seven of them—to make a similar case. Another legislator suggested that instead of compensating the survivors and their families, the state erect a marker at the site of the massacre. A third urged the legislature to create a Rosewood state park.

The survivors of the massacre didn't consider it ancient history. It may have happened seventy-one years ago, but it had cast a shadow over their entire lives. When Hall had been sorry of what ever since. And if Rosewood and all it represented was such ancient history, why had those whites not a black run on fire outside Tampa only last year? To Willson Hall, the racial climate in Florida had not changed that much since the night in 1923 when he and his family had died in the massacre forest at the town burned behind them. The Rosewood bill, even if it passed, hardly meant that he and the others could ever go back to Rosewood, just to see it? I asked him.

"No," he replied in his slow but certain voice. "I wouldn't go back. They will don't want us down there."

**A**LTHOUGH ROSEWOOD WAS BURNED in the ground seventy-one years ago, the Florida Department of Transportation, I was surprised to learn, continues to eradicate the town on state maps and the day after the legislature's decision, I sat out for it. Signs was well along. Blue and yellow and pink roadblocks covered the roadside. Signs said FRESH BREADED PEACHES and YES WE HAVE NOBLES, KARIAT MEAT and CACILLAC HOTEL AMERICAN OWNED.

An hour out of Tallahassee I came to the small town of Perry where three weeks before the Rosewood massacre, a black man had been burned at the stake after being accused of murdering a schoolteacher. South of Perry was Cheffside, where many of the whites who had participated in the massacre reportedly had lived.

From Cheffside the highway ran roller-straight through forests of pine, palmetto, and live oak. At times moss-draped branches formed a canopy over the road. Here and there a lone pasture had been cut from the forest. Elsewhere the trees suddenly gave way to bog. There were few other cars on the road. The air was still.

The Rosewood massacre had been described as "one of the most shameful chapters in Florida's history" and as "one of the worst race riots in American history" but neither at the time evoked the modern. An official green-and-white road sign depicting ROSEWOOD stands on the shoulder of Route 24, deep in the forest in Levy County, some fifty miles outside

Greenville. A few hundred yards down the road, an abandoned sign from in the opposite direction. Midway between the signs is an abandoned cedar-block gas station with two rusting pumps. A few mobile homes are scattered among the pines. I knocked on a couple of doors without result. Back on the highway I slowed the car to make a four-mile run. An old white, approached from behind, and as it passed, the four young white men inside all gave me the finger.

**T**HE GREAT TAMPAN FOLK that surrounded Rosewood in known as Gulf Hammock. And once, before which the name Rosewood was taken, said to be absolute there. In the years after the Civil War, a attracted loggers—both white and black—who cut it and shipped it north to be made into pencils. By 1890 the cedar was depleted and the whites who had come to Rosewood began moving out. By 1910 the town was almost entirely black.

Its racial composition alone, Rosewood was in most ways a typical American border. It had three churches, a Masonic lodge, and a store owned by John Wright, one of the only whites who remained. From twenty to twenty-five houses were set in the trees and along the railroad tracks that ran parallel to the road, which was dirt. Most of these houses were small, but several had two stories, glass paneled windows, and lace curtains. A few even boasted porches.

Life in Rosewood was by no means utopian—the former was farmer-brother during the summer and infested with noxious mosquitoes—but it had an innocence. There were dancing concerts and early public at the annual barbeque. Children attended school in the Masonic lodge. Women sold vegetables and eggs to passengers when the train stopped in the depot. The men hunted wild boar, black bear, and turkey in Gulf Hammock. Some of these also farmed and trapped, but most made their living as a sawmill in the neighboring town of Sumner three miles down the road.

Sumner was a quintessential company town. The owner of the Sumner lumber company which owned the sawmill, also owned the hotel, the store, and most of the houses. In one of those houses down by the railroad tracks at the town's main street lived the middle-aged Taylor. Six twenty-two-year-old wife, Fannie, and their two small sons. The lumber company did not consider New Year's Day a holiday and so on January 1, 1923, Taylor rose for work in the shops did, leaving her wife at home with their children.

Sometime later that morning, Fannie Taylor bore up of her house screaming. Her face was bruised. She told her neighbors that a black man had been seen before had murdered her husband and accused her. A crowd began to gather. Bob Wilkie, the Levy County sheriff, appeared on the scene. He requested a pack of Houndhounds from a nearby cowboy camp. When the hounds arrived, they quickly found the monster's scent, which led them down the railroad tracks toward Rosewood.

**L**IKE A LONG-ABANDONED HOUSE overgrown with vines and weeds, the verifiable facts of the Rosewood massacre have been obscured beneath a profuse tangle of unsubstantiated stories. Many sound plausible while others seem preposterous. But the plausibility of one is always unobtainable. Often the wildest most kind, most baroque story is the real one.

The identity of Fannie Taylor's assailant is a case in point. The crowd that gathered in Sumner that morn-

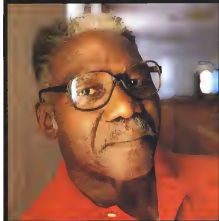
ing had learned that a black convict named Jesse Hunter, in prison for carrying a concealed weapon, had escaped from a chain-gang building west was to become Route 24. Hunter became the prime suspect.

But there is reason to believe not only that Hunter never assaulted Fannie Taylor but that the men who did weren't even black. Sarah Carrier, a black woman who lived in Rosewood, worked as a maid for Fannie Taylor. Her granddaughter, Phloema, who died recently, maintained throughout her life that she had accompanied Sarah to the Taylor house that morning. The two were in the backyard, according to Phloema, building a fire under the bedding pot to wash clothes, when a white man stepped across the picket fence and entered the house through the rear. They had seen him before. He worked as an engineer on the railroad and was Fannie Taylor's "sweet love." Sarah and Phloema heard Fannie and her lover arguing. The lover came out the back door and jogged down the railroad track toward Rosewood. It was at least a half-hour after he had gone, Phloema repeatedly insisted, that Fannie ran into the street shrieking about a black man.

**S**TATISTICALLY SPEAKING, the lynching era in the U.S. peaked in 1911, a year when mobs hung, shot, or burned to death sixty-four people. Then, so, in 1920, the year leading up to Rosewood, a lynching occurred somewhere in the country more than once a week on average. Mobs acted on the threat of violence. In May of that year, three blacks were burned at the stake in Texas for killing a teenage girl, though it later turned out that two whites had committed the murder. The threat for violence could be quite real. In July, a black man was lynched in Arkansas for arguing with his employer about using a drinking cup.

Several factors contributed to the lynching mania. One was the attitude of black veterans, who, after fighting for their country in World War I, returned home less willing to tolerate mistreatment. Black migration to northern cities had exposed southern whites who felt deprived of their labor pool. It also led to more men up north in which blacks fought back, facing white pressure to work black work and strengthening the determination to crush any resistance to white authority.

Both a symptoms and a cause of those other developments was the revival of the Ku Klux Klan in 1915. And to the Klan, there was no greater outrage than an attack by a black man on a white woman. On New Year's Eve in 1920, the day before the Rosewood massacre began, the Klan had



"We was done off this dog," Willson Hall was right years old when he and his family fled Rosewood, and he hasn't been back since. "No," he says, "they still don't want us down there."

held a large rally in Greenville. One sign carried by a hooded figure declared FIRST AND FOREMOST—PROTECT WOMANHOOD. The Klan was not just a collection of fringe hangers-on; members at that time included the editor of the Greenville Daily Star, and its views were held by whites throughout the South. As the Tampa Morning Tribune editorialized after Rosewood, "[The] assault of a young man white woman by one or more Negroes... is a provocation which, more than any other, stirs the anger, and whets the determination to punish, in every white man who reads of it."

At the time of the Rosewood massacre, Minnie Langley was nine years old and living in the town with her grandmother Emma Carrier, Sarah's sister-in-law. She remembers standing with her grandmother in the front yard late in the afternoon of January 1, 1923, when the white mob came up the tracks from Sumner. Although the mob consisted of only twenty-five to thirty men at that time, the sight was profoundly disturbing to Minnie—in the distance the mob had seemed full of "teachers," as blacks sometimes called whites. Some rode horses. Some drove Model T's. Many of them wore large cowboy hats.

The hoards led the mob to the house of Minnie's cousin six-year-old uncle, Aaron Carrier. But no one was inside. One of the white men returned to Emma Carrier's

gas and asked her where the owner was. Emma Carter said Aaron, who was her son, was upstairs in his house, asleep in bed. The men dragged Aaron out of the house. "They were holding, talking about, 'bring me the rope! Bring me the rope!'" Mizzie recalled.

Emma Carter begged the men not to hang her son. "Mommie was crying and going on, telling them, 'Aaron ain't your boy! Don't lynch my child, he don't know nothing about it.'" Mizzie said. Ignoring her, the whites hauled Aaron off to a nearby grove of pine trees for questioning. Some division cropped up in the mob about whether to proceed with a lynching. Edward Pillsbury, the son of the man who managed the Sumner sanatorium, took advantage of the hesitation and, apparently with the help of Sheriff William, hurried Aaron into his car and took off.

Given the situation it was to expect a short time later, the mob's lethargy toward Aaron kept escalating. The Carter family has always maintained that the mob did not hang Aaron this night because he was removed to the pine grove and confessed his role in the escape of Fannie Taylor's assailant. Her lover was a Mason, and since he regularly worked on the train that stopped at Rosewood, he knew it had a Masonic lodge, all of whose members were black. After assuming Fannie, he made his way down the tracks to the town, where he appealed to Aaron to honor the society's code requiring members to come to one another's aid, regardless of race.

Aaron, the Carters say, felt he had no choice. He contacted another black Mason, a tavern huckster named Sam Carter, who was Rosewood's blackest. Carter, no doubt without much enthusiasm, also felt obligated to honor the code. He drove his wagon to Aaron's backyard and had the lever climb in, which is why the bloodhounds led the street there. Carter took the man deep into the swamp and he escaped without a trace. When Carter returned to Rosewood, the mob was waiting for him.

**A**T THE TIME of the Rosewood massacre, Earnest Parham, who to white, was eighteen years old. He lived in Sumner with his mother and stepfather, who ran the company hotel. After school he worked across the street in the company store. On the day Fannie Taylor was assaulted, customers could talk of little else. In multitudes, the manager of the store, Albert Johnson, left to accompany the mob to Rosewood. Just then, people were saying that Fannie had been not just assaulted but raped as well.

Parham climbed up the store and closed it around 9:30. Carter asked what was happening, he drove to Rosewood. A half-mile or so outside the town, he came upon Deputy Sheriff Clarence Williams. It was pitch-dark by then—the country roads had no lights—and the deputy was using on the running board of a car, not doing much of anything. Parham could hear loud voices farther down the dirt road. When he reached the crowd, it was gathered round an oak tree outside Sam Carter's house.

Carter was hanging from a rope passed over a tree limb, his toes barely able to touch the ground. He was alive but choking. To force him to reveal where he'd taken Fannie Taylor's assailant, who they assumed was the escaped convict Jesse Hanner, the men would pull on the rope until Carter's feet were off the ground, to let him answer, and, when he wouldn't, pull on it again.

Finally, Carter gave in. The men let go of the rope and he collapsed to his knees. As he recovered he breaths a man with a shotgun said, "If Aaron don't rock up the trail where you put this fellow out, I'm going to shoot you."

Carter led the group through the dark woods for a mile or so to a spot where he said he had dropped off the assailant. The dogs sniffed around a little but found nothing, and the man with the gun named on Carter and then his dead. Earnest Parham was stunned. He thought the men had been making idle threats.

The shooting pretty much put an end to the evening. As they all walked back to Sumner, a number of the men agreed that killing Carter had been a mistake. Now, they said, they'd never had Fannie Taylor's assailant.

**T**HE NEXT MORNING, it went without saying, no attempt to apprehend Sam Carter's murderer. A judge from a nearby town arrived the next day and issued a coroner's report saying Carter had been killed by "barbaric unknowns." From working at the store, Earnest Parham learned all the gossip, and as far as he knew, none of the men in the mob that night, most of whom lived in Sumner and knew the killer, were questioned. The investigation has been, he always thought, kind of a joke.

Multitudes word of the attack on Fannie Taylor spread throughout the region. Whites from neighboring counties began to flood into the area, forming ad hoc groups that roved through Gulf Hammock in search of Jesse Hanner, who, despite everything that happened, was never caught. The vigilantes wandered in and out of the Sumner company store all day getting supplies. They took so much ammunition without paying for it that the store manager had to bar them from what remained.

The Blacks of Rosewood feared that the violence had not ended with the death of Sam Carter. Some of the poor whites in the area had always resented the Rosewood blacks. For one thing, the blacks took business away from white farmers by selling vegetables to the Sumner for Sumner lumber company. The more prosperous of the Rosewood blacks also had more houses than some whites.

The Rosewood black resented the riot was a man named Sylvester Carter. The son of Sarah Carter, Sylvester, thirty-one, was yet another Mason. He dressed well, he sang in the church, and he was an accomplished marksman who usually won Rosewood's annual shooting contest. He was also a proud, somewhat imposing man, and he did not defer to whites. A short while before the violence, he had actually gone into the yard of two white men who had made lewd comments to his sisters and told them if there was any more well-whereby, they would have to answer to him. And then there was Sylvester's wife, Gertrude. She was an attractive woman with long hair and pale skin, some whites claimed she was in fact white herself, which would make Sylvester guilty of miscegenation.

Parham began to circulate among the whites roaming Gulf Hammock that Sylvester was hiding Jesse Hanner in his own home and that Sylvester had applauded the attack on Fannie Taylor, saying it was "an example of what Negroes could do without interference." This rumor, almost certainly false, provoked the mob with a pretext to gun on a man who didn't know his place. On Thursday, three days

after the death of Sam Carter, word was passed to Sylvester that if he didn't have Rosewood by midnight, the mob would come for him. "The he was born and raised in Rosewood," said his nephew Arnett Goins, who was present during the massacre. "And he wasn't going nowhere."

**T**HE WEATHER WAS very cold that January, and a huge emerald fire had been built in the fireplace of the Sumner hotel. After dinner, a number of people had gathered round the fire for conversation, including Earnest Parham and Deputy Sheriff Clarence Williams. Between one hundred and two hundred white men were in the area by then, and some of them were drinking. The failure to find Jesse Hanner had frustrated them. They were not going to get go home, and a sense of impending confrontation filled the air. The deputy sheriff, who seemed to have disapproved of the violence, told the others around the fireplace that night, "All hell is breaking loose in Rosewood."

Sylvester Carter lived with his mother, Sarah. As night fell, he decided the other Carters in Rosewood would be safer if they all came up to Sarah's house. His uncle James, parham's wife, Emma, and the carpenter-janitor Mizzie were among those who remained in the Carter house. The adults sent the children, about seven in all, upstairs to undress and get into bed.

But the children were still awake when the automobiles began to arrive. The night was exceptionally bright that night, so bright it was almost like daylight, and through the glass windows of the company store, with its piano and iron poles, the Carters could see a large group of armed white men gathering outside. When one of Sylvester's dogs began to bark, someone in the mob shot it. Then the whites advanced on the house.

According to Arnett Goins, who was upstairs with the other children, one of the members of the mob called for Sarah Carter to come out. Sarah knew a few of the men, having worked for their families. She went to a downstairs window and began urging them to go away. A shot rang out, a hit Sarah Carter in the head and she collapsed. One of Sarah's daughters ran upstairs, crying, "Mommie's shot! Mommie's shot!" and told the children to all squeeze together under the mattress.

They all hid except for nine-year-old Mizzie, who ran down to find her grandmother. At the bottom of the stairs, he saw Sylvester grabbed her by the arms. "Come here,



## THE ROSEWOOD MASSACRE

Random killing spread throughout the area. Twenty miles away, a black man called Lord God was gunned down.

dogs were barking."

Then the shooting ceased. For some time, he was after midnight. Some of the men chose to remain in the gun battle, but others returned to Sumner, and some the others had gone through their bullets, they did so as well.

When the shooting stopped, the children and most of the adults in the Carter house decided to flee into the woods. There was no time for the children to get dressed. Young Arnett Goins hearse. He had received a new suit for Christmas the previous week. He had never worn it and wanted to take it with him, but it was in a trunk in the living room. The entire house was dark, and when he went to get the suit, he was in a dead body in a doorway. He tried, he abandoned the suit and hurried to catch up with the others. Parham, wearing only their nightgowns, the children aspersed into the foggy night. Sylvester remained alone in the house with his dead mother.

**E**MINENT PARISH WAS STILL AROUND if the Sunday hotel where the men began their search for Rosewood. At least that was supposed. One of them, Captain Seale, had his arm bandaged. The death of Wilkinson and Andrews, and Sylvester's cemetery in fighting back, had enraged the mob. Week began to be telephoned out along the party lines that connected towns in north Florida. The blacks were in revolt.

Shortly after sunrise, the whites returned to Rosewood with fresh ammunition. They circled the Carter house and in the cold morning light, another gun battle ensued. Eventually whoever was inside stopped shooting back. The house and yard were silent. The whites approached the half-circular building. Inside, they found the bodies of Sam Carter and a black male whom someone identified as Sylvester. In a fury, they began to destroy the house. Furniture was smashed, pictures torn from the walls. Mowing outside, the men set the house alight and watched it burn to the ground.

The mob then surged through the wooded town, setting fire to the Masonic lodge, to the churches, to small shops and large houses. Cows, chickens, horses, and dogs were slaughtered. A black man named Nelly was shot in the eye but escaped into the forest. In a section of Rosewood called Williams (so named because a number of the people who lived there had relatively light complexions), a woman named Lester Gordon was lying under her house. When the mob got to it, she scrambled out and started running toward the forest but was shot down and killed.

By this morning, Cary Hixley, then governor of Florida, had become aware of the violence. He wired the county sheriff, Bob Walker, warning to know whether to send in the National Guard. Walker did not respond immediately. Nonetheless, the governor felt sufficiently concerned about the situation to go hunting in the afternoon. When he returned, several wounded, Walker finally called to say that matters could be handled locally.

But throughout the day, also aided by reports of what one Miami newspaper would call a race war, more armed whites poured into Levy County. Rumors of killing spread through the area. Twenty miles from Rosewood, a black man nicknamed Lord Gato was gunned down in a cemetery road.

**T**HROUGH THE DARK SUMMER MOON, the children who had fled the Carter house could see it in the distance. Rosewood houses burning. After leaving the house, they had walked through the woods to a logging camp called Wyke, where some relatives lived. But the mob, afraid that if the whites found them there they would all be killed, refused to take them in.

Instead a younger cousin nicknamed Scroggie led the children into the woods to hide. She built them a small fire, afraid that a large one would be seen. "We had a little baby fire for us to warm our feet to," Myrtle Langley said. "It was cold, man, it was cold." Since the children had no clothes or blankets, Scroggie wrapped them in weeds and leaves. She told them which bushes to crawl behind to avoid the whites.

All of the blacks from Rosewood who had survived were in the forest. Most had fled their homes Thursday night, after hearing the sounds of gunfire at the Carters'. Wilton Hall and his older sister Marge had been asleep when their mother woke them. "I'll get up! I'll get up! They're shooting!" Marge remembers her mother saying. "We just jumped up and ran out of the house." Hiding singly or in small groups,

those who fled slithered through the cold nights, with nothing but the terror of being caught. Some were seen, having walked through hogs on their escape. They communicated with one another by whistling and hoarse, low cries.

The blacks did have some weapons. John Wright, the white owner of Rosewood's one store, was well liked in the town. Any child who entered his store, where he sold ammunition and canned goods, was almost always given a free piece of candy. On Thursday night, he had the four youngest children of a black man named John Bradley in his house. "Mr. Wright took us upstairs and put us to bed and everything," said survivor Lee Ruth Davis.

Other whites actually defied the mob. After Rosewood was torches on Friday, a crowd ran out that night for Sunday, determined to burn the black neighborhood there as well. W. H. Pillsbury, the superintendent of the railroad and the father of the man who saved Anna Carter, rounded up as many men and guns as he could and met the mob at the railroad tracks outside town. "The first man who steps across that track, I have orders to have him killed," Earlene Parish remembers Pillsbury saying. The mob hesitated for what a further seemed like hours, then turned back.

The most heroic whites were William and John Ayres, two brothers who worked as conductors on the railroad. They arranged for a train to take them to Rosewood that Friday night. John Wright also helped with the rescue. His son, a man into the forest to tell the blacks to gather that night in his yard and follow the tracks. It was essential for them to be right by the tracks, he explained, since the mob could stay only a few moments.

Once night fell, the blacks flocked out of the forests, making their way through the smoldering ruins, past the slaughtered animals. After a tense wait, they heard the men slowly halting through the woods. When it arrived, women pushed their children aboard and scrambled in after them. Wright had a man named Lee try to distract the mob as only women and children boarded. The boys were afraid that if the mob stopped the train and men went aboard, every one would be killed. "Everybody was kneeling and crying and praying," Lee Ruth Davis has said. The train pulled away, and after a very morning they were all in Gainesville.

**O**N SATURDAY the violence continued. Sylvester Carter's uncle James, who had been in the Carter house during the first gun battle, left his hiding place in the swamp and asked W. H. Pillsbury for protection. Pillsbury headed James in a safe house. But later in the day, the violence grew increasingly threatening, and Pillsbury was forced to send James away. After interviewing him and repeatedly urging him to dig his own grave, they killed him in Rosewood's cemetery.

On Sunday afternoon, after church, a mob of up to 150 men gathered again. One by one, the houses still remained unsearched were set afire. By the end of the day the only structure left standing was the large frame house owned by John Wright. "Masses of cans and jars all over the place remained of furniture formerly in the Negro houses, [and] several carved bodies of dogs, and firearms left in hasty rooms, gave evidence to the mob's fury," the Associated Press reported.

By the time it was all over, the official death toll at Rosewood stood at eight. But that figure is almost certainly low. Since Earlene Parish's grandfather had one of the few trucks in the area—he used it to deliver ice—the author has asked

him to pick up the dead bodies in Rosewood. He later told Earlene there were more than eight.

Burns of a man grave have also circulated for decades. Jason McIlhenny, a white man who was unapologetic about his participation in the rampage, told a local historian a few years before he died. "They went up there and burned whatever niggers out of the house . . . plowed two big furrows down and put them niggers in there in the trench and plowed it over." If a man gave evidence, it has never been found. But then, no one has ever really looked for it.

The massacre received extensive coverage in Florida at the time. It was also reported in such papers as The New York Times and the Washington Post, which described Sylvester Carter as a "Nigger desperado." But there were other lynchings that year, and, after a grand jury failed, for "lack of evidence," to indict anyone involved in the rampage, Rosewood was forgotten. Trumpet voice and they quickly spread over the blackened remains. Two years after the massacre, during a visit to the site, Willie Brown started a powder burning itself on what was left of his family's blood porch.

**R**OSEWOOD WOULD HAVE remained a forgotten chapter in American history—overlooked by text books and historians, a local footnote in George Tindall's book *The Emergence of the New South*—if it were not for the work of a journalist named Gary Moore. Moore, forty-four, is a slender man with a neatly trimmed beard and a mild southern accent. He lives with his wife Marie in a small ranch house in Tupelo, Mississippi, where he was born and where I met him last spring. We are in a Mexican restaurant. Moore can be engaging, he speaks Spanish with the women and keeps fighting off the temptation to sing with the mariachi guitarist—but he is also proud, conscientious, and difficult. It doesn't seem an exaggeration to say his twelve-year obsession with Rosewood has both defined him and improved him. His journalism career has faltered: last spring he had a temporary job programming computers at the local high school. In 1975, while on the staff of *The St. Petersburg Times*, Moore was sent up to Gulf Hammock to write a weekend feature about the area. Learning that Color Key, a settlement Gulf port eight miles from Rosewood, had no blacks, he began to ask why. Eventually one old woman made a vague, reluctant reference to a massacre that had taken place nearby.

In old newspaper clippings and state records, Moore found fragmentary accounts of the riot. He then began to track down witnesses. It was an arduous process. The black families from Rosewood had moved to places like Miami,



"I'll get up! They're shooting!" Marge Hall Johnson was fifteen when Rosewood was burned. Hearing the gun battle at the Carter house, she managed to escape to Gainesville by train.

Jacksonville, and New York. Their lives had been hard. Deprived of their property, many had taken menial jobs. Marge Langley worked in a brush factory. Anna Carter, Moore shared about for thirty-five years. In a number of their interviews, what happened at Rosewood was rarely if ever discussed. Survivors were afraid that the whites might try to track them down and kill them. They also felt ashamed, so one put it during hearings at the state capital this past spring, to have been driven out of their homes and into the swamp as if they were less than human. Anna Carter never told his wife about it, through fifty years of marriage. Sarah Carter's granddaughter Phyllis Ann Korbae hid her family's role to incite it to outsiders.

Nonetheless, Moore was able to contact some twenty witnesses. The long accounts of the massacre appeared in the Sunday edition of *The St. Petersburg Times*. It was written in a somewhat overwrought style, full of such names and deplorable biblical references. Florida historians by and large ignored it. A dozen after, Moore was fired by the newspaper. "I was immature and thought I was a genius," he says. He set out to write a book about Rosewood. From childhood on he had been inspired in the South's lore of extraordinary racial pathology, and he had always wondered how many of these tales were true, at what point fact yielded to myth.

The massacre, and its suppressed history, seemed a perfect opportunity to explore this theme.

After all, a whole treasury of tragic material had been woven around Rosewood. Sylvester Center's descendants, for example, swore he had survived the shooting, had been scooped out of town in a wagonload of corpses by his Missouri brothers, and for years sent them Christmas cards. Another legend, told by whites, was that the men who had killed Sam Center had also mutilated his body and that for years one of them carried an ear around as a trophy.

Rosewood was, Moore felt, a "collage of fragments," the sort of haunting racial mystery that would have caught Faulkner's imagination. And in last account of the massacre, divided on race and ambiguity, on the innocence of memory, asked imaginings, the answers that led witnesses to doubt what they recalled, and the impenetrable veil surrounding much of what happened.

The publishing industry showed little interest. But one day in 1993, Moore received a call from a man who introduced himself as Michael O'Malley, movie producer. O'Malley said he was in Gainesville researching cool murder for a true-crime movie, and he thought Moore's Rosewood article would make a terrific film. The idea, he told Moore, would be to tell the story of the massacre through flashback set up by some sort of trial in which the elderly survivors were testifying. Moore pointed out that no such trial had taken place, but O'Malley seemed undaunted.

On his own, the producer acquired the rights to the life stories of two of the survivors, Let Ruth Davis and Minnie Langley. Then, taking the concept of the staged event to spectacular new extremes, he urged both the NAACP and the Southern Poverty Law Center to file some sort of lawsuit on behalf of the two women that would ensure in real life the courtroom scenes he required for his movie. "Hollywood needs a happy ending," he says. "When those gentlemen came back down, he tried [Hollis] Knight, the biggest law firm in Florida." Stephen Harkins, the partner in charge of the firm, got both women's names, but declined to do something imaginative," he told me. Reasoning that the state could be held responsible for the violence because it had gone on for a week and the governor had done nothing to intervene, Harkins began to work up a case for Davis and Langley that was modeled on the claim for reparations made by Japanese-Americans interned during World War II. Meanwhile, O'Malley had arranged for the two women to appear on *The Miami Beach Show* which they did in January 1993, as "the only two or three survivors."

This outraged other survivors and their families. They came forward, claiming the two elderly women for portraying themselves as the sole survivors and demanding to be included in any drama bill. At the list of putative survivors lengthened, Harkins and the bill's legislative sponsors realized they had no way of knowing who had and who hadn't been a resident of Rosewood at the time of the massacre, or even what had actually happened there.

The confusion was intense. Once Harkins proposed his bill, in early 1993, the Florida press began to write about the massacre. But whereas previously the history of Rosewood had been suppressed, it was now sensationalized beyond recognition. Tall tales repeated that as many as two hundred people had been killed. The Miami Herald described how the kids galloped through with torches. "The survivors and their families also contributed to the myth-

making. 'Rosewood was nicknamed the Black Moses,' Arnett Doctor, the great-grandson of Sarah Center, told *The Tampa Tribune* last year. "Rosewood was in the Southwest, and especially Florida, what Atlanta is today."

In an attempt to clarify matters, Florida's House speaker, Bo Johnson, commissioned five historians from Florida universities to undertake a study. No one, of course, knew more about Rosewood than Gary Moore, who also had a large archive of interviews with survivors who have subsequently died. But the historians refused to allow Moore to participate in their investigation, and he refused to share his research.

When their report appeared last December, Moore promptly denied it as "an offense against scholarship." He claimed that, out of incompetence or in a purely partisan political conversation, the historians had exaggerated the role of the massacre and the culpability of local authorities. He also claimed that some of the people listed as survivors in the Rosewood bill were not even living there at the time and that others who had been living there were not included. But few people cared about the details that so enraged Moore. By then, such details had become as irrelevant as the politics of symbolic retribution. By raising them, Moore only made himself a source of amusement. And so the final story of the Rosewood saga is that the man who first told the story of the massacre, who set in motion the events that led to the climate bill, is now despised by the friends of many of those who endured it.

"Who is Gary Moore? What does he know?" asked Arnette Shanks, the daughter of Arnett Goren and a professor of education at Tougaloo College in Mississippi. We were outside the speakers' gallery in the courthouse. I had made some remark to the effect that the climate bill would not have come off were it not for Moore. "Who's he to say he's the only one who knows anything about Rosewood? He thinks it's his story," she said contemptuously. "He thinks he owns it."

**T**HE CLIMATE BILL GENERATED SUCH SURVIVOR ANGER AND created a collage of misunderstanding that for the first time some of all the survivors felt an air of unity. Nonetheless some have argued that the Rosewood survivors, and particularly their middle-class descendants should not be entitled to any government largesse. Unlike Japanese-Americans in World War II and unlike other groups, from the Cherokee to the victims of the McCarthy witch-hunts, they were not persecuted by the government as an act of official policy. But anyone advancing such an argument last spring in Tallahassee was denounced as a racist in a moment seemingly supported by the fact that the Ku Klux Klan was openly campaigning against the bill. That may explain why, after six days of hearings in which survivors testified, the debate on the bill, when it finally came to the floor that April day at Wilson Hall and the others watched, was relatively calm and lasted less than an hour.

"Seventy-one, yes, fifty no," Bo Johnson announced after the vote was counted. The survivors broke into tears. The elderly woman in the polka-dot dress cried. Dean Wilson Hall, who had seemed so implacable all day, nodded his head and groined Johnson when he asked the legislative proceedings to acknowledge those who had come to witness the massacre. The legislators rose and, turning up to the gallery, applauded the survivors and their families. "Only in America," Arnett Doctor proclaimed as the gallery erupted joyfully over the statehouse lobby. "Only in America!"



A brilliant outcast who made an art of losing, Kurt Cobain said never mind to fame, wealth, family, and, finally, life itself  
**By Stephen Wright**

**H**E HAD ALWAYS READ apocalyptic dreams that on the borders of awareness, armies were forever gathering. The first clanging was drawing near. The rich dined on deferred issues. In the streets, the poor looked one another for a quarter. Angles with broken wings fell from the sky. Muddy soldiers crawled out of the poppy-strewn earth. This time his wife was a two-foot-tall black widow with large feet. Someone kicked her down the stairs. He started to scream.

In the war between light and dark, Kurt Cobain was an unrelenting combatant on permanent patrol beyond the worst. He hadn't asked for this assignment, but the circumstances of his upbringing and the paranoid design of his existence conspired to put him in a place where the

explosions of his life were so thoroughly muted that every aspect was stained with the color of twilight. Consequently he was a person whose whom any comment made could be construed by an opponent and both meanings would be true. There was not an instant in his life he wasn't agonizingly ambivalent about. Gifted as a poet, a musician, an artist, he never could decide with any certainty whether his talent was a blessing or a curse. About love and financial success he was torn. He often played with gender, appearing for interviews and photo shoots in a dress. His marriage to the film-maker Courtney Love, lead singer of the group Hole, an affectionate and monomaniacal as any was also an ongoing skirmish of ego and will. They fought continually with words and hands. "I've wanted/needed," he screamed on his last album. His twenty-month-old daughter, Frances Bean, whom he adored as much as any

father the way by all accounts, an *insolent* one), trotted a dirty grand mule by his marked resemblance to him. And, finally, he never could decide on the fabled eternal question of life itself: for or against? Should he say or should he go?

In the early months of this year, the "cosmopolitan" they that had always plagued him began to swarm in emblematic numbers. Sometimes in the late afternoon or early evening of Tuesday, April 3, he leded himself into the plant room, a small greenhouse where the garage behind his imposing tea-bush house in the Midtown section of Seattle, a quiet, wealthy neighborhood where there's no street parking and the homes of coffee and computer executives sit hidden behind walls of brick and ivy and hedges and rhododendrons. The greenhouse, privacy he believed the door would be a good idea and he'd been on an eighth-of-a-hundredth of a page, he composed an epitaph and a sign to his wife, his daughter, his son. "What more could I do?" he had said on the last cut of the last alien. "All apologies." The room was bare except for a pot he consumed before spurring the nose with the pen and jabbing it into the heap of soil. He sat on the floor and gazed himself with an especially large dose of hearse. Inside him, as though in modest offering, he arranged a few personal effects: the cigar box in which he kept his works, a pilot's helmet cap with propeller-shaped earflaps, old socks in a drawer, his credit cards, his driver's license, proof of an identity that he himself came to feel too much like a disguise. He lay back on the floor with a suspended, Rammstein model to no gauge slogan between his legs. He was surrounded by windows, a profusion of easy escape hatches for a soul too long confined. Beyond the French doors at his feet were the cold waters of Lake Washington and the jagged white teeth of the Cascade Mountains to the east. Up above, through the wide roof skylights, the sagging, big bellied clouds pressed gently down. Though no one had seen it in weeks, the sun had to be up there behind all this gray. He placed the barrel in his mouth. The end of the world. Now.

The morning after his body was discovered in the city aisle, to the shock of a full world of the news, the city columns wide across the front page of the *Seattle Times* the public eye whose sensation he had always experienced as the physical equivalent of rape ("I have no great life," he had complained the previous year. "It's just Nirvana, Nirvana, Nirvana") leaving in for a long look to the famous best-up smokers, the untamed island, the papers stirred an ending in a described fit so wide a night has been carved from a block of chalk. "The shooting hit me to him looked like an alley downtown," said one policeman. "It was just as shiny as anything else I've ever seen." It is very true, but, as white men as it? There were no many of the dense, angry, the cross-crowned loaves, the tragic mutants, the sensitive plant, the doctored artist, the lost child. The baggy blond dandruff hair.

**A**BERDEEN IS A TOWN of about fifteen thousand, more than a hundred miles and several decades from Seattle, one of those exposed places where the weight of America bears down with grace, uncensored brutality. Because the largest industry—logging—is tied so directly to the crucial housing market, the minor course connections of capitalism's ramp through history experienced here as something better and worse, the menhaden Weyerhaeuser plant sits in their shadow on

the opposite bank of the Willapa River, as dispiriting as the yellow walls surrounded by thick upon acres of serrated logs and processed planks, a faint pallid color swirling over the town when the wind's in the night, down. On the road in, the steady Douglas firs crowding the guardrail in expectant attendance (the perfect name for a rock group from the great Northwest would be *Downing*). Then, and, of course, there is one) gradually just before a main strip—fast-food joints, municipal complex with the MySystem center, cheap motels, under park, wedding park, and concrete plant. Downside's consists of several blocks of low, undistinguished Fifties style buildings with big display windows, hardly any more than three stories tall. The street is closed and locked, the windows light all round on the long up the street toward the town. There's a bar called the Moosehead Tavern and a working blacksmith and, in the small, walled city park, a statue dedicated to the Spirit of the American Doughboy. In many ways Aberdeen seems like the Land That Time Forgot. Up and down the broad streets, from neighborhoods around outside churches and local businesses like the corner pharmacy are the narrow streets of middle-American boomtown. DON KERR, 44, IN DIFFICULTY LIES OPPORTUNITY, AND ARE TO BE TAKING FOR JEFFREY THE FILLING FOR THE CIVIL.

Up in the hills, away from the business district, the houses are typically suburban, comfortable, the modernistic style maintained. But down near the river, to the old Coburn neighborhood, the site of the houses, the yards, the hills, undergoes a visible mutation. Several houses are vacant, their occasional broken windows even in an occupied building, exterior paint is chipped and streaked, the wooden cladding of a collapsed garage spills onto a deck and over the river, and here and there, to a palpable reminder of the region's perennially damp climate, stalks of bright moss sprout from the blackened roof tiles. Even on a clear spring day a noticeable scent of loss and boredom and vague mystery seeps from these houses like a gas. This is a place where the distance from the business to the town is a narrow, almost invisible, where the type of loss breaks you out to construct your last fireplace can send you up or down a notch on the blue-collar social scale. The effort to keep everything "pretty" is an insurmountable obstacle: too much of everything, too shiny, too false. It's an illusion life, and out of all of it, the unmanageable, everyone is watching everyone else, watching and judging to a narrow and crippling standard the definition of self-morality in a culture in which money is the sole gauge of worth and in which the common, on whatever unconscious level, that God has withdrawn his blessing. Which is a irony way of saying that in America, it's damned difficult to preserve your dignity in a smaller park.

The arrival on February 20, 1994, of a sensibility as well named as Kurt's was a family as confused as the Coburns and a town as culturally provincial as Aberdeen was unanimous to the broad daylight landing of an alien spacecraft on the front lawn. No one knew exactly how to act. What was this creature? What did he want? His perceptions as a child were precious enough to lighten his mother, Wendy, and the fact that Kurt was obviously not a carbon copy of his father confused and angered Don Coburn, a mechanic at the local Chevrolet station. The boy's lack of interest in, if not outright disdain for, the popular playthings of Don's son would be legacy from his father, who had occasionally been and

homedad. When what the parents called original art) caused Don to respond in kind. He was an uncompromising and often precocious parent who berated up emotion to indulge them later in periodic and scary blow-ups in his family. An admitted "nerdman," he would shame Kurt verbally and often slap or rip him on the head. Nothing the boy ever did was quite good enough for him, Kurt just did not measure up. His mother denied this once when Kurt was six his father threw him across the room.

Still, whenever a child comes a potential site of parental. And Kurt always remembered having a happy childhood. He remembered the physical affection he shared with his mother. He remembered his mother's embrace in being alive. There are in the indecipherable notebook and official Nirvana chronicle. One at the Art by Michael Azarad, a couple of portraits, two photographs of a two year old Kurt, a young man with a guitar. Then then he was down to the pleasure of pop music, hip-hop, to Kurt's words and listening a loud being a rock star. A talent for painting and drawing was also noticed early and encouraged. And every day his mother would demand her father heard by as to present the most recent picture for the world's inspection.

But there were always shadows seeping from the grass. Diagnosed as hysterically hyperactive (what problems are attributed under that catchall label) Kurt was given the amphetamine Ritalin, which sometimes kept him up until 1 a.m. in the morning, then sedated to help him sleep. By the age of seven, he had somehow gotten the idea that he was a problem child. Those haunting blue eyes of his were watching and recording. All The Christian he got instead of the free dollar Sheryl and Hitch got he worried, a lump of coal. Obviously the Coburn family played a particularly tough game of emotional hardball.

At the age of eight, though, the insurance, defining event of Kurt's life occurred. His parents divorced and he was forcibly expelled from Eden. The world cracked and came apart, and he was left to sit helplessly through the pieces for the rest of his life. Windy worried out of the marriage—the considered a loveless. Don did not. They fought each other and then they fought over custody of Kurt. The child began to withdraw, his mood turned sullen. Feelings of shame and unworthiness engulfed him, never to disappear entirely. He got angry and he stayed angry. On the wall of his bedroom, he wrote, "I hate Mom, I hate Dad. Dad hates Mom, Mom hates Dad, it's simply makes you want to be sad." He drew a picture of a brain with a big question



## The arrival of a sensibility as well tuned as Kurt's into a town such as Aberdeen was like the daylight landing of an alien spacecraft on the front lawn.

made him ask just the Bible Bush Bushell, up it but Kurt would strike out on purpose. Don took Kurt to the sun spent the entire day sitting in the truck. There was that war of wills no parent can ever win, and when Don finally gave up Kurt began his years of vagabondage with the family, being passed among a succession of aunts and under the a pointed apple.

By now his peers had noted his intelligence and his artistic inclinations and had, of course, labeled him a "baggy" —an epithet he would later embrace, wearing home-photos in print and from the stage. He was constantly beaten up on the way home from school, one little sister, especially enjoying staring on Kurt's head in the snow. Kurt rarely fought back, he rarely even spoke. Throughout his life, the constant presence in any mind, he developed a tendency to hope, to allow his discomfort to seep slowly into the air as though he were not responsible.

He found the solace of camaraderie by drifting in with the "low self-esteem crowd," the outcasts and the misfits every institution seems to generate spontaneously. He became one of the misfits. He started getting drunk in the seventh grade, smoking pot in the ninth. He developed such an evolved art of nervous tic and twitches that he learned he was losing his mind.

All the misunderstanding and hostility that had been directed at him since childhood provided a deflection point, forming around the hollow core of rage fused to him as a snarl or a snarl, the "signature creep" of one of his songs, this, of course, a deflating and deploring version of the self that, when assaulted to future years by exhaustion or stress or drugs, was experienced by others as a haughty black

# THE BIG NO

## Members Only

*"Now he's  
gone and  
joined that  
stupid  
club."*

Wesley O'Connor,  
Kurt Cobain's  
mother,  
April 8, 1994

Seated, left to right:  
Brian Jones, Keith Richards,  
Jim Morrison, Nancy Dene  
Standing: James Dean,  
John F. Kennedy,  
Frank Sinatra, Kurt  
Cobain, Keith Moon,  
Bob Dylan

Illustration by  
G. F. Payne







# Finally, even the junkies kicked Kurt out, frightened by the amounts of heroin he was shooting up. They didn't want a celebrity corpse on their hands.

"Just like him. 'What's wrong here?' you know. 'Why am I the wrong one?'"

Courtney kept up the pressure at one point threatening him with a knife. Then she flew down to L. A., some said to detonate bombs, others that he being there first would make it easier for Kurt to follow.

Kurt's mother had already used the so-called right-lure technique on him when he was a teenager, locking him and his staff outside the house when he wouldn't behave. Events were plunging him back into the emotional hell of his childhood.

Finally he released, but on March 30, the very day he flew down to L. A., he showed up first at the Seattle condo of Dylan Carlson, a fellow musician and friend he'd known for six years, the best man in his wedding. Kurt told Carl he was wanted a gun for protection, and he wanted Dylan to buy it. The police had taken all his weapons, and he was afraid they'd take this one, too. Duquesne "facing loss of pretty heavy things," Kurt summed "pretty speech" to Carlson. He'd bought guns for Kurt before (Carlson's "the one who likes to shoot his gun" on the song "In Bloom") and often went to the range with him. He knew Kurt had no on-scene, no security, but a wife and daughter to protect from possibly criminal fans, and now Kurt was telling him there'd been a powder alert, the house recently. Kurt gave him a gun, and they went to a small gunshop in north Seattle, where Carlson purchased the Remington shotgun. He suggested keeping the weapon at his condo, but Kurt refused, taking the gun back with him to the house. Later in the day, he permitted Novoselic to drive him to the airport, arguing with each other the whole way.

He checked into the Ecuador Recovery Center at Elmer Freeman Hospital in Marina Del Rey, California, where he had already spent four horrible days denouncing in 1990. His roommate, astonishingly enough, was Gibby Haynes, lead singer for the Bushwick Superiors, a group he had admired for years. Thirty-five, Kurt stayed outside for a day in a smoke, and he was done, "jumping the fence," in Courtney's words. He called her that day April 1 at her two-room suite at the Peninsula Hotel in Beverly Hills.

"Courtney," he said, "no matter what happens, I want you to know that you made a really good record." What unexpected accolade he intended beneath the unaccustomed air of that molestation remark? (Holt's *Las Vegas* This was released on April 1.)

"What do you want?" she asked. "Do you want a divorce? Are you going to kill yourself?"

"No," he answered.

"Well, what do you mean?"

"Just remember no matter what happens, I love you."

Then he hung up. She would never hear his voice again.

He probably spent one night in L. A. with friends. There is a report that a member of the band Bush No More drove him around L. A., trying to get him back to a hospital as he kept trying to pump out of the car.

Courtney immediately hired private detectives to watch the house in Seattle and to try to find him. She was advised by the same people who ran the interventions to stay where she was, not to follow Kurt back to Seattle, so that rescuing him every time he was in trouble.

According to one account, Kurt checked into a Seattle hotel, where he charmed a waitrress, took a taxi to a Seattle bar, where he was charged \$1,000 to his rejected credit card.

Another report has him returning to his Madonna home early on Saturday morning, April 5, where he surprised a friend staying in the house. The friend telephoned Dylan Carlson, alerting him that Kurt "looked bad, was acting weird." Carlson suggested that the friend hide the recently purchased shotgun.

Kurt, meanwhile, disappeared again. He bought more ammunition and started hanging out with his junkie friends. He bought drugs for everybody on several occasions, but finally even the junkies looked like they'd gotten fed by the amounts he was shooting up. They didn't want a celebrity corpse on their hands.

Kurt spent at least one night at the couple's second home in Carlsbad, Washington, about forty miles outside Seattle. This was their country hideaway, their refuge from the viral apocalypse of the future that Courtney had read about in *The New Yorker*. Once the first case appeared of people dying in the area with blood running from their eyes and nipples, evidence of the disease. That's where from Africa, she and Kurt were going to head out to buy out a Pick N' Pay grocery store, and head for shelter here. On the floor of this cottage would be found a sleeping bag and an ashtray full of butts—many of them not Kurt's. Instead, Madonna Lights—and a black-and-white drawing of the son she'd recently "clean up." Who was he? Courtney had reported all along that he was looking back to his female drug dealer, whom Courtney had reportedly been jealous of for quite some time. She had another private detective watching this woman's apartment. This behavior would be consistent with the oil for an emotional game that Kurt and Courtney had always seemed to practice. "I believe firmly in revenge," Kurt once told an interviewer.

On April 4, his mother filed a manslaughter report with the Seattle police. He had reconciled with her years before, despite having written, "The lady whom I feel maternal love for/God will take me in the eye." Around that time, some neighbors reported Kurt staying on a Seattle street, but he had died in a severe stroke, staring out at Lake Washington.

At the Peninsula Hotel, Courtney, unable to sleep, unable to eat, was pacing her rooms, calling the detectives every hour, seeing a psychiatrist twice a day. On April 5, she apparently suffered an allergic reaction to prescription drugs. She was arrested by the police on drug and paraphernalia charges that were later dropped. After paying bail, she checked into the same rehab center her husband had fled.

**T**HAT NIGHT, one of Frances Beatrix's sisters, Betty's half, had been with the Cobain only a few weeks, had a dozen. She was in a car with the Cobains, and Courtney, who doesn't drive, was at the wheel instead of Carl. She was minding three children instead of one, and their hair was dark brown instead of blond. Courtney pulled off onto an exit clearly marked as *WED. EXIT*, but no one thought anything of it. They arrived at a house she didn't recognize, where she wandered about in confusion, as if on drugs. She realized she didn't know where the children were. She found Carl on a couch in the living room. "I lost the," he mumbled, unable to make her understand the words.

Kurt looked up, concerned. "You lost the kids?"

She nodded.

"They're not dead," he said.

She looked at herself in the mirror. She was dressed entirely in black. She must be going to a funeral.

Earlier that day, the Greyhound Company had received a call requesting a cab at the Madonna address. The company, typically, was slow to respond. The person called again and again. Who was that? The friend at the house? Or, perhaps, the female dealer? Had someone found the body?

On Friday morning, an electrician arrived to install a new alarm system. The house was locked inside, a television set played to an empty room. There was no one home. The electrician headed back to the room above the garage. By the time his body was discovered, Kurt had been dead for three days.

In his note, Kurt complained of a nagging sense of phoniness, of being a faker, of even being unable to experience his phenomenal success as "a 100 percent fan." It was a fervent expression of his, this 100 percent, of giving two percent, of not permitting a toxic fraction to defile your mind, your heart. This is the language of coaches of all faiths, of a particularly unchic uncoaching—out of the usual state of internal voices carrying him through life—he's also a simple expression of a simple quest for purity, for the life uncluttered, and it is in its essence a personal quest. In religious terminology, this is the *via negativa*, in which the pilgrim proceeds toward the truth through denial—God is not this, God is not that—stripping the soul back to its center, an endlessly deepening path littered with casualties but one equally honored as the route to affirmation.

From the very beginning, the external circumstances of Kurt's life predisposed him toward this path, if only as a survival tactic to try to attain even the minimal sense of self. He said no to his parents, he said no to traditional education, he said no to conventional dress, he said no to the nine-to-five workday world, he said no to mainstream music (and was horrified when his own work was floated down those same currents), he said no to fame, and, finally, when his own ground became too painfully unobtainable, he said no to his wife, to his daughter, to life itself.

He had permanently scared something deeply unknown about himself. "What is wrong with me?" he asked on his last flight, exhausted even with his own explanation: "That legendary disease is such a pain."

In those distant post-November Olympia years, he lived with Grohl in a roiling apartment, so floor covered with covering studs (his street for a dollar you could cut one for lunch, and the other two for dinner), he rarely got out of bed, and he and Grohl would go night hours and

more without speaking and at night he'd be in the dark, listening to the clucking of Kurt's pet turtle, a cocaine creature for him because of its "blue funk" air—made—"It's stuck in the tank, I'm miserable, I hate you, and I'm not going to perform for you." Kurt was also careful to explain that he shall was really part of an spine and quite sensitive. "It's like having your spine on your outside. He would write in his journal and read one of his favorite authors, Samuel Beckett. What an affinity he must have felt for the melancholy Irishman and his characters, those mad, poetic, pathological creatures haunted by the conviction that they'd never been properly born. Kurt's obsession with fetal imagery was a constant throughout his life, right up to the artwork on his last two albums. The cover of *Nevermind* shows a baby swimming toward a dollar bill on a hook. In three seconds in visions of babies,

of dolls, disease, the corruption of the body—the things that go bad in the world of time and decay. All his life he was prepared that something bad was coming toward him back at the embryo factory. He was drawn not only to play compulsively with that imagery, as if to master it, but also to find a way back to the dark beginning, where he might be able to fix the damage, replace the parts in the correct order.

He claimed to be a stoic, he loved to sleep, dropping off anywhere, anytime, even in the middle of a conversation—his boredom threshold shows extremely low. He once remarked that he'd like to be in a permanent coma and awakened only to be wheeled out on a gurney. His fond epiphanies became the state they induced when the dream of being alone where you were still awake. Both states, of course, as near as you can come to existence in the womb without being there again or being dead.

On the cover of *Nevermind*, a collection of nudes and couples related in December 1993, is a painting Kurt did of a distressed baby reaching out for a father, otherwise depicted figure whose back is turned and whose eyes are cold and dark. The baby's head is cracked open like an egg. The up is missing.

In Buddha's thought, to be alive is to be haunted in time—the haunting of the senses, the haunting of the mind, the haunting of desire. There is only one instance for this painful condition we find ourselves in, the suffering *dukkha*, and that is to recognize the fire, to blow it out. From the Sanskrit *du*, or "out," plus *kh*, or "to blow" derives ■

Additional reporting by Melissa Rios



## Whitherwater: The Scenarios

It won't amount to much. It happened too long ago, and there's no cruise unless the eyewitnesses turn up some throwaway water in the murals of Mr. Foster. Such a rough town, they all said, the capital called Mr. Foster. Washington is so concerned and self-absorbed that it believes itself capable of murder, throwing a gun into a man's hand and forcing him to pull the trigger on himself! They believe the capital's will is stronger than any individual's and bound to triumph. Yet, as I know all too well, Washington is sentimental, soft as an anchorman's questions and as naive. You want tough, go to Chicago. Sometimes even. So court on this. Before the year ends the press will turn on itself. For twenty years, the great subject of the press has been itself, and I am guessing that, like my giddy neighbor exuberant by the definition of her own bedroom mirror, the press will conduct its own inquisition, solemnly assigning itself the roles of prosecution, defense counsel, judge, jury and defendant. And if I am correct, the new man is lucky, luckier than he knows, for while the reporters are looking into the mirror, they are likely to be insensitive to the disaster in the rest of the

world has its own inevitable. If he can keep the reporters charmed by Whitewater, meaning himself, he'll gain time. He'll live. And then man him always had good luck.

God, I'm old. Not much time left, hardly any time at all, but that's no matter. If you're not a failure, you don't belong in this business. Sometimes the pen fails, sometimes it runs the cap. Still, it's your own pen, not your opponent's, and emphatically not the commensurate's. One of my Germanists was probably K. he was always quoting his contemporary to me—and I would profit from a close reading of the inflections and illuminations of Walter Benjamin, the German writer. Not too long ago I read the essay on Karl Kraus, the Viennese journalist (for counterjournalist). Kraus was a Real, but even Realists had moments of illusion. I therefore welcome the charge that all my life I have overestimated the press. It is not a servant—how could a servant demand and receive so much?—it is the enemy. Once again the movement has run away with us. We have placed the person who is supposed to report outbreaks of fire, and who ought doubtless to play the most subordinate role in the state, in power over the world over fire and over the house, over fact and over our fantasy. Here Kraus wrote that when I was a schoolboy in

## ROY McDONALD JR.

Beloved-looking Middle-aged Man and spry-looking Blond he sits by side, open, in angled them.

MAN: How can I have ever accepted that scenario? It was just—you know, what with McDougal and a lot of other guys back home going bankrupt, and then after what happened to poor Vince. And I had to dump them and so many of my business buddies. And then even Nixon died, right after and I started getting to be close. And L. J. [Dole] got hit on the head or something. Of course people have been accusing me for years of, quote, "filling for the wrong women." The penitents were so obvious, it was hard not to suspect you of being behind some evil Italian man-filling plot. **BLOND:** Silly!

MAN: Oh, I know a man I should have trusted it was. Dole all along! He was so nice and loyal. I should have known better than to trust her. Good thing I blew her away. When I saw that wig and that—

**BLOND:** Oh, yes! She's larger about her. There's something else I've been meaning to tell you.

MAN: You mean? ... You don't mean? ... **BLOND:** That's right. I'm expecting a little bundle from heaven.



A long-haired blond

A blonde hair

A President who

can't lose the change

**SURVIVAL INSTINCT**

MAN: Okay, we'll work like Republican don't, even blond. Oh, you MAN: You know, Nixon turned out to be a pretty good old boy if he'd had a wife. I mean a full partner, like you.

On to World's deadliest male as the clip to pick back into the bed. Full back to work shot. She sat up and comes her legs at the and second long-Godwin. Types approach her.

FIRST TYPE: Nixon I don't know. Let's try it again, and this time lose the sex pick. **SECOND TYPE:** I like the sex pick. And she'll love the sex pick.

FIRST TYPE: Well, I'm telling you, he is not going to do it with the sex pick.

SECOND TYPE: But the sex pick is the whole point. It's not Jerry without the sex pick.

FIRST TYPE: And I think the full get ought to be Lari or Zed.

SECOND TYPE: No, no—they've already been full girls. And what do they have to do with Whitewater?

Suddenly. Blond uncovers legs and looks them around. Type 1 back.

DAVID GARDNER (HILARY) emerging from deep background. Cut! It's not going to work. It's too complicated, and it's too late. The Chas brothers are off the

picture. Get Ron Howard on the phone. FIRST LADY (HILARY) Mmm. I'm eight months pregnant. I'm still working to clear this thing up. REPAUL (CHAS) cheerfully. And I'm frustrated with so many things going on at

once, and I'm too down-to-earth for The New York Times, and every now and then I blow up and—accusations (HILARY) just don't. Name it on the ALL TOGETHER. He's had! He's had it!

## PATTI DAVIS

**T**HE HEARING HAD BEEN adjourned for hours, but no one wanted to go home. Dole's staff stayed glued to the television, flicking from channel to channel, replaying the boss's triumph. And, except to take congratulatory phone calls from his Republican colleagues, Dole stayed glued right along with them.

He had to admit he thought his sales were warm when they rushed into the hearing room that morning and practically demanded that he call that woman to testify. She was such a joke! But she lost on points and was wearing a lot of sweat, and Wilson guaranteed she would deliver. And she did.

"Bill Clinton told me all about Whitewater," was the Gender Flowers said when CNN asked, "Bill Clinton promised me some of the profits" is what showed up on NBC.

"Let me get this straight," Dole watched himself asking her "You were going to profit from the Clinton real estate investment?"

"Oh, well, it wasn't just an investment," Flowers replied. "It was going to be our little love nest. Bill said he'd build a little cabin. He said the state police would handle Hilary. Why? He even offered a plot for us."

"Say what?" Dole burst out.

"And I can prove it," Flowers said, she reached behind herself and removed from within streak Dole as the largest pants he'd ever seen what appeared to be a tag. "See?" she said, lifting it above her shoulders. "Our initials are carved in it. You cut this tree down to make room for our cabin. What bill called our love shack."

"That must have been before he met Al Gore," Dole quipped. God, he loved it when he cracked a joke.

The news finally went on to other subjects, and Dole dipped away and ended his show. She was sick and it wasn't. "I don't care how many damn businessmen are lying," Flowers said. "Let somebody else fill the damn suitcases. I had a good day. I feel like celebrating, and I want you home!"

A few minutes from his house, Dole pulled into a stop and entered a video store. The place was empty, but still he looked over his shoulder before slipping into the adult section. He wasn't really worried about being recognized. Republican don't have secret lives, he thought, anyone knew that. The motel high ground is our birthright. The rap and shades were just a precaution. Just like paying with cash. Quickly he pulled two tapes featuring himself.

"Thank you, Senator Dole," the cashier said, walking it in. "Have a fun night."

The house was dark when he arrived. He thought for a moment that Elizabeth wasn't home yet, but then he realized she was asleep. Oh, well, he sighed, maybe in the morning.

He put on his favorite pajamas and got under the covers, missing that Elizabeth was wearing a floral nightgown. What happened to all that Victoria's Secret stuff he kept buying her? Was she going to be the cleaning lady?

The phone call at a 17 startled him out of sleep. Oh, God—a call, some disaster? Otherwise who?

"Hi, Bob," Hilary Clinton's calm, even voice said through the receiver. "Did I wake you? We're all awake over here. But I think you'll agree that this is important. In continuing our Whitewater files, we uncovered an interesting fact—two of the investors were B. and S. Dole of Lawrence, Kansas. And they actually made money unlike us. In fact, they made tons. Did you think we wouldn't find out?"

"I, uh, really, Hilary—uh, I mean, Mrs. Clinton—I'll have to look into this."

"Well, I have the checks right here."

"Let me get back to you," he said, and hung up. "Who was this, dear?" Elizabeth asked.

"We have a problem. At least we might. Did you ever invest in Whitewater? I have no head for business—you make all those decisions. So, did we?"

"Gee, I don't remember, Bob," Elizabeth said. "There were so many investments over the years. God knows, Frank Sinatra's happened since—now I do remember we lost money on that."

"Gosh, I guess."

"It's the same as cattle futures, first, it's just—"

"For god's sake, Elizabeth, this could be disastrous!"

"Now that says it's all in the morning."

"Here's what I'd do," he said. "I call a press conference. I'll say that we've paid too much attention to Whitewater. We should be concentrating on more important matters. After all, there's Bosnia, and the economy. But if that link, you'll have to hold a press conference, Elizabeth. Do you have a pen and the Hilary's?"

"Sure," Elizabeth said. "And if you like, underneath I could wear that black leather bra you got me. For afterward."

"What are you talking about?" Bob asked. "I never bought you anything like that."

"I found it in your underwear drawer when I was getting away the laundry. I just assumed it was for me." She looked at her hand. "Weren't it?"

After unlocking the secrets of DNA, the prize-winning biochemist traded in his centrifuge for a life of wine, women, and surf. Besides, babes really dig a Nobel.

# Is Kary Mullis God?

(Or just the big kahuna?)

By Emily Yoffe

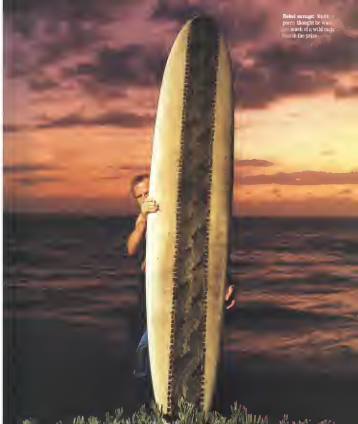
**K**ARY B. MULLIS IS IN his beachfront apartment in La Jolla, surrounded by his tools of seduction. There are bottles of wine, surfboards, a guitar ("Women go crazy when you play the guitar for them"), and the most potent and rare of his offerings: a newly minted medal the size of his palm, his very own Nobel prize. He won it for chemistry last year by looking at how life reproduces itself and coming up with something more efficient. It is, perhaps, the perfect invention from a currently underplayed surfer who seems intent on reproducing himself with every woman he meets.

He no longer has to chase women, they pursue him. They send him by sea glass, they write letters, they leave looping messages on his answering machine. They are simply sitting out a desire coded deep within the species to mate with someone of superior genes. Since Mullis understands our genetic

mechanisms so well, the women hardly surprise him. "Why wouldn't they?" he asks, then offers a self-description: "The forty-nine and I act a lot younger than I am. Someone who roller-skates and surfs and does science and writes and plays guitar and sings, he can't be all bad." He shows out a few armbands. He also has a well-muscular build, a strong, wavy-haired hair, clear turquoise eyes, and grays hair he coyly strokes in a boyish gesture.

Mullis does his best to convince me that he is the happiest man in America. For one thing, there's money. Since 1995 he has been awarded almost 44 million in prizes—the 1995,000 Japan prize, the country's highest scientific honor, and his 2,112,932 share of the Nobel, which he split with Canadian chemist Michael Smith, who won for another invention—which means he no longer has to cobble together a living as a biotechnology consultant. For another, there's fame. An entire *Nightline* was recently devoted to a nonverbal profile of him. And the recognition comes after years of what he considered intolerable

Rebel surfer: Mullis's peers thought he was as much of a wild card as the prize.



marriage by former colleagues. And then there are women. But even better, he is not in the middle of a divorce (there have been three) or a painful romantic breakup. Mullis has achieved the feat of finding very few people over experience the utter absence of divorce. So he recently decided he'd be finished with science and will now pursue his long-delayed dream of becoming a writer.

But the quality he radiates is not contentment, it is recklessness. He has never been good at controlling his impulses, and now that he has been assigned one of the most superior people on the planet, he doesn't see any reason he should. Mullis has always done everything with the same superhuman intensity. "That he lives only in the extreme is perhaps what allowed him to look beyond conventional scientific craft and find a way to reach the mechanisms of life. But the cost of behaving outside the boundaries has been high. As a father, he's terrible. Jim Morrison said, 'Pied MacManus,' observed his successful son, Christopher, one of those children by one of his former wives.

Mullis walked out of the company where he did the work that earned him his Nobel prize, leaving shattered friendships and a legacy of personal bitterness toward the profession that has brought him glory. Now, with none of the quotidian concerns of life to blunt his impulses, some people close to Mullis are worried that this peak moment of his existence could also be the most precarious. The danger, friends warn, is that he has never been loved with as many choices or temptations. As Mullis himself says, "I usually can't stop myself from being repulsed."



HE CHANGED THE WORLD last Friday night as mile marker 413 on Highway 148 heading toward Mesa delos, Colorado. It was the spring of 1983, and Mullis, then a chemist with the biotech company Cetus, was driving toward his weekend cabin with his girlfriend, Jennifer, also a Cetus chemist. As Cetus, Mullis was responsible for making the pieces of DNA used by the company's molecular biologists for their experiments. When Mullis joined Cetus, the laboratory process for replicating DNA was laborious, slow, and prone to error, something like book production before the invention of movable type.

Mullis says he does some of his best thinking while driving, and on this particular day he had plenty of time to think. The relationship with Jennifer was falling apart, and rather than speak to him, she slept during the long ride. To clear his mind of the woman beside him he knew he was losing, he began imagining ways to unravel and reconstruct DNA's double helix. And then, in a flash, he suddenly saw a way to solve the most vexing problems of DNA chemistry—disconnection and attachment. This is he came up with a method to identify the most minute fragments of DNA, and then reproduce it virtually an infinite number of times. "Somewhere I thought it had to be an illusion," he said in his Nobel-prize lecture. "Otherwise, it would change DNA chemistry forever. Otherwise, it would make me famous."

It was no illusion. It was the kind of leap that was quantum yet obvious. Once it became public, Mullis has written, it is left some of the finest minds in molecular biology wondering, "Why didn't I think of that?" The process is a simple one. Put the strands of DNA to be reproduced are separated by

heat. Then they are tagged with primers—short strands of DNA—that signal a naturally occurring enzyme, DNA polymerase, to start making copies. The power of the technique, called polymerase chain reaction, or PCR, comes from the fact that the process can be repeated in an endless cycle. The desktop-size machine that today performs PCR can produce one hundred billion copies of a desired gene in a few hours.

PCR became U.S. Patent 4,683,200, and already it has changed the fields of diagnostics, forensics, and anthropology. PCR can find the HIV virus lurking in a cell before the immune system has produced any antibodies for it. It can identify a criminal from a single molecule of his DNA left at a crime site. It has spawned a new field, molecular archaeology. Now, by using PCR to replicate the DNA of long-extinct creatures, evolution can be observed in the act. Without PCR, Michael Crichton probably couldn't have rewritten *Jurassic Park*. With PCR, we can find out if our cells are concealing the earliest signs of cancer. And researchers say that PCR could ultimately allow us to determine if our cells will one day harbor cancer.

"I thought the method calls us to reproduce their DNA was fairly tedious," Mullis says. But he was not motivated purely by the desire to revolutionize molecular biology. He also wanted Jennifer to fill in love with him again. "I loved to perform for Jennifer," he says. "There is some truth to the concept of the muse."

As dazzlingly simple as Mullis's brainwork was, making the concept viable required months of dogging lab workers. He had to stress persistence, find the optimum parameters, identify the proper reagents. Although his boss took him off his regular duties so he could concentrate full-time on PCR, Mullis was increasingly resentful that hardly anyone seemed to use the potential of what he was doing.

Over the two techniques were interested, and on the days when she still loved me, Jennifer thought it might work," he said in his Nobel-prize lecture. "On the increasingly numerous days when she hated me, my ideas and I suffered her scorn together." It was four months before his first successful experiment, and by then Jennifer had walked out on him.

ON THE EVENING OF December 8, 1983, Mullis celebrated his purple-topped coat ribbons and saw for the first time that his idea actually worked. He told his lab assistant, Fred Fahrens, that they had just changed the rules of molecular biology—and it barely seemed to matter.

"I was sitting at I walked out to my little silver Honda Civic," he told the Swedes. "Neither Fred, either Rick's brother, nor the worst mist of the dinner of the age of PCR could replace Jennifer. I was fortunate."

And it is the backdrop, not the professional triumph, that obsesses him even now a decade later. In the middle of a long account about his glory days in Sweden, he is suddenly moved to retrieve a photo album devoted to Jennifer. "We had very, very wonderful sex," he says as he flips the pages. "She was aggressive in a way women usually aren't." And of all his wives, all his lovers, he can't get over the fact that Jennifer is the only one who accepted to congratulate him when he won the prize. "We didn't even put the same specks," he says.

It doesn't take a Nobel prize winner to tell you that genius and jealousy don't always share the same chromo-

somes. While Mullis can be utterly charming, funny, full of unexpected observations, he seems to derive great pleasure from wounding people around him with his bombast.

He is sitting at home over a bunch of pizza and red wine, trying to tell his adventures in Stockholm, but it's impossible to keep the tale on track. Mullis does not have conversations, he holds forth, spewing opinions like a volcanic eruption. He is a blowfish. In an afternoon he can erupt through an explanation of how Heme apes become social creatures, to why Linnaeus, the father of chemistry, lost his head during the French Revolution, to the malign nature of the Catholic Church.

The apartment is a small, sunny place, so close to the ocean that the breaking surf is a constant to Mullis's monologue. There is a sense of enclosed eccentricity in his living quarters. Next to the dining alcove is a stack of about fifteen old cassettes. He doesn't have

time to keep up with his phone calls, so when his answering machine is full, he simply throws the tape on the pile without listening to it. I have here put in our cassette. There are voices from Japan, India, all over the United States, asking him to become an agent on their terms.

Behind Mullis is the refrigerator, its door covered with photographs. The largest features his courage from the Nobel ceremony, his third awards, three two sons, one of his current girlfriends, his mother, two of his brothers and their wives, and two boyhood friends. There are numerous other snapshots, four or five of them of women in various stages of undress. He is obviously partial to skin bionics.

He says it has been about five years since he had a serious relationship—there, for him, usually lasts two to three years. He says he is not married, but he doesn't know if he can bear the pain of other fathers. "It's going to be such an overwhelming bunch of tragedy. I'm afraid to take on a new lover because I know tragedy may kill me."

At 3:30, the bottle of wine finished—I have had two glasses—he takes out a bottle of margarine. He pours it into a glass and tops it with a generous splash of gin.

"Now, didn't I make me up as an alcoholic," he says.

"Are you?" asks.

"I like drinking. I enjoy the feeling of it. If I fuck up a little bit, it's okay. This is a party day. I don't have anything on my schedule that requires me to be sober."

We leave the apartment to pick up more wine for the poker game he held that evening. Back at his dining

In the middle of a long account of his Nobel glory, Mullis is suddenly moved to retrieve a photo album devoted entirely to Jennifer. "We had very wonderful sex," he says. "She was aggressive in a way that women usually aren't."



Size to the T chromosome: Mullis's soft-core refrigerator

he says. "How can you say you know me without sleeping with me?"

I tell him it will just have to be a glass of my understanding.



I GREW UP PLAYING with dynamite. He was raised in Columbia, South Carolina, the second of four sons of a salesman father and a real estate broker mother. His parents divorced when Kary was in college. The boys spent most of their early years exploring the woods near their house or the nearby network of storm drains. When he got a little older he became interested in science. "You could make all kinds of stuff if you know how to deal with nature."

In his case, the matter was homemade rocket fuel. "I could get potassium nitrate at the drugstore and sugar from my mother's kitchen. I had a brother who was willing to be there in case I got blown up," Mullis says. On one occasion, he says, a rocket exploded on his handstand, and he was saved from early extinction by the slow-burning fuse that had given him time to run to safety.

His interest in the nature of things took him to George Teich. While there, he married for the first time. "I got married to my first wife when she was pregnant. It was a loving experience. We were both about twenty. We have a daughter who is twenty-nine." Mullis had a rebellious

room while, Mullis opens one of the new bottles and has two glasses.

Then he grabs the back of my neck hard and pulls my face toward him. I manage to turn my head just in time to avoid his lips. I tell him not to do that.

"Why not?" he says. "I like you," which for him is sufficient cause.

I explain that I'm here for professional, not personal, reasons.

He seems baffled. "That we've spread ourselves up to each other," he says.

I tell him his lips go to draw him out.

"Oh," he says and nods his head.

We continue talking about Sweden, but in a few minutes his hand is on my thigh.

"Can it or I mean it," I say.

"You're telling me I can't touch you?" he asks in what seems that moment. Then he tells me he wants to sleep with me. "You're missing your chance to really know me."

ship, and he and a friend started a small chemical manufacturing company from Georgia Tech. Mullis went to Berkeley for his doctorate.

It was the Strains, and Berkeley was where the fire was not being contained. While pursuing a degree in biochemistry, Mullis experimented with his own biology—discovering a new sense of freedom. "It wasn't a good place to be married," he says of those days in Berkeley. He also fiddled with his own chemistry, ingesting various psychedelic substances, but he was serious about his work. "I realized what science was, strangely enough, at Berkeley," he says. "At Georgia Tech I don't think I knew how it differed from technology. It's a philosophical level of an issue."

Through Mullis was a driven man, he never had a clear career goal. He liked to explore what captured him. "I don't think he is dedicated to science in the same way a lot of people are," says his first wife, Richards. Mullis now remarried and raising three sons. "If he was interested in something, he went for it. He's very competitive," she adds; that he brings the same quality to a woman who captures his imagination. "If you're the object of his attention it's very exciting."

This intensity is perhaps Mullis's essential quality. "I don't do things that people ask me to do, usually," he says. "I think that's a flaw in my character that's probably shared with me well." How? You don't get the Nobel prize for doing what other people think you ought to do. "I do things because they intrigue me."

As always, his sex life shaped his professional life. When his first marriage was over and he was finishing his graduate work and teaching, Mullis fell in love with a nineteen-year-old college student, Gail Hubbard. "Students loved him," she recalls. "Some loved him more than others. While they were living together, Hubbard caught him cheating on her. By that time she had been accepted as medical school in Kansas City, Missouri, so she left him and moved to the Midwest."

Mullis responded with a torrent of letters begging her to take him back. "He wrote me almost every day. Times of passionate letters. How could you resist? He wanted not only to patch it up but to get married. She agreed. After a ceremony in California, she returned to medical school, and he was supposed to follow. He never showed up."

"He spent our honeymoon with another woman," Hubbard says.

**Kary Mullis's third ex-wife has finally made her peace with her former husband. "He's incredibly transparent. For all his boorishness and confrontational attitude, he's still a little boy. Maybe that's why it's so easy to forgive him."**



Strains success: Accepting the prize from the king last year.

Hubbell finally got him on the phone, and he confessed he was having an affair with a graduate student. She told him not to come. "So of course he did," she says. They stayed together for another year.

I ask her what his problem is.

"Transsexual passion," she says.

During their year together Mullis decided to abandon science and take up fiction writing. It didn't work. "I didn't have enough imagination," he says. It's a singular display of understatement. He returned to science and got a job at a medical school as a biochemist on a perfume technology unit.

He also supplemented his income by becoming a sperm donor for an artificial insemination clinic. "I balanced quite a few children in Kansas City," he says. (Mullis recently turned down a chance to reproduce himself on a national show. He declined an offer from what is popularly known as the grainy sperm bank. "There were so many forms to fill out that by the time I finished, I wouldn't have had the strength to masturbate in that little liquid-nitrogen cylinder.")

His second marriage over, it was not long before he fell in love again, this time with a young nursing student, Cynthia Gibson.

They soon moved to Berkeley; she dropped out of nursing school, and in 1976 he convinced her to marry him. "He doesn't necessarily like to be married, but he does like to get married," says Gibson, who now works at a family gown brokerage in Missouri.

In Berkeley, Mullis had another career crisis. He decided against academia. "He was fed up with some of the things he had to go through in the academic world, the terrible a task toquisition a period," Gibson says. To pay the rent, the two went to work in a restaurant owned by Mullis's first wife. Gibson gave birth to two sons, and Mullis finally decided to return to science, this time taking a job in the exploding biotech industry, at Cetus.

Not long after he arrived at Cetus he met Jennifer and began an affair that caused the end of his marriage in 1981. "She was his most important girlfriend, but she was by no means the first," Gibson says. "It was significant that she worked with him. They had a chemical and biochemical connection."

Toddy Mullis is able to acknowledge the pain he caused by leaving Gibson when he says he still loves, and loves two sons. He explains that he could't help himself. He was

simply coded to be this way. "I did it because there is a certain lack of excitement to a perfect sort of woman. After a while I had to raise your adrenaline, and you need the rush of some fiery woman, when it's not both every now and then." He acknowledges that this need is not a universal component of the Y chromosome. "That's my experience. A lot of people don't feel this way."

Gibson has made peace with her former husband. "He's incredibly transparent," she says. "For all his boorishness and confrontational attitude, he's still a little boy. Maybe that's why it's so easy to forgive him."

I ask Mullis for some phone numbers of colleagues and family members. "Not unless you sleep with me," he replies.

As about 30 people stare, smiling for poster, most of them younger friends who live in his apartment complex. As they come in, he introduces me abstractly to his wife or someone he's involved with. "She says she won't sleep with me."

I repeat my request for the phone numbers. Reluctantly he gets up from the dining table and goes to the other room to get them, looking more to follow the steps at the doorway than his dark blond hair. They're in there," he says. When I don't reply he points at the bed. "You see that?" he says in a low voice. "We could have such a good time on that."

HE WENT to the Nobel prize, he could have lost everything. Mullis points out that his invention was a technological breakthrough, not an end in itself. PCR, on being discovered by me, did not really answer immediately any questions. It just suggested a method whereby they could be answered. The molecular biologists at Cetus immediately set to work developing diagnostic tests for AIDS and other diseases.

Thus should have made Mullis happy, but there was a problem. While Mullis was still working on his initial paper describing PCR, his colleagues were publicizing the results of their work using PCR. Mullis had received a suit, one basis for his invention, but he couldn't find that others in the company, particularly molecular biologist Henry Birk and Randy Sinks, were being lauded at the outside world for their application of his technology. "People were using Sinks and Birk to go specious all over the world on PCR," recalls Alfred Hallman, who at the time was a patent lawyer with Cetus. "And Kary was trying to figure out what in the hell happened."

Credit for the discovery of PCR was appropriately given to Mullis, but it fell far short of what he wanted. As Mullis himself acknowledges, the patent of PCR came from applying it—and his colleagues were doing that, not he. When they published their work his name would appear on the papers as a coauthor. "He left, on anything that came out of PCR, he should get the lead," says Robert Belden, who was then CEO of Cetus. "When that didn't happen, Mullis says, 'Kary took to going into disputes with his colleagues and going to outside meetings saying disparaging things about them—and these were world-class scientists.'"

The controversy became an over-escalating battle of wills. Mullis's superiors tried and failed to reconcile him. Finally he was called into his supervisor's office. According to Mullis, Mullis was told, "You can be part of the team or you can go. And he said, 'I'm going.'"

"After he left, Kary was totally torched," Hallman says. "It would be wonderful for mankind if he continued on and made additional discoveries that perhaps because of this Cetus experience, when he felt almost engulfed, he's been usually hanging it up."

Mullis briefly took a job with a San Diego biotech company. Then in 1984 he became a consultant. When he talks about that work it is clear that as with his first of getting hurt again in love, he is afraid to risk another professional involvement. As a consultant, he says, "You can go to a company, talk about their problems, then ride away into the sunset. But if you work for a place and you have an idea and you present it and nobody cares, you have to be there the next day, when they don't care, and the next week and the next month. You get angry eventually."

Of course, at Cetus they cared about PCR. It was a gold mine, and the company was inundated with potential partners wanting to extract the secret. In the end, the company sold the rights for part of the application of the technology to the Swiss firm Hoffmann-La Roche for \$100 million. It was a huge figure but worth it. Today PCR-related technology is a \$1 billion a year industry. Cetus's decision did not leave the rejected suiters happy, and in 1989 DuPont decided to challenge Mullis's rights. It claimed that PCR, in concept, had actually been invented in 1971 in the MIT laboratory of Nobel prize winner H. G. Kornberg, although at the time no one saw how the process could be used.

Mullis says the suit was merely a part of doing business. "DuPont" wanted to get into the game, so you look at the patents and see if the patents and the discovery can be upheld. It happens all the time."

But for Mullis this was not business as usual; it was a personal assault. "The lawyers for DuPont were upset on getting the truth. They were just saying, 'Here's an angle. If we can get the jury convinced that this is what PCR is, then maybe we can get them convinced it was done before.'"

Some executives had more on their minds than the lawsuit—would a volatile and angry Mullis take their side in the dispute? Hallman was sure to pacify Mullis, telling him that he hadn't been treated right or received all the credit he deserved. "But his patent was the first evidence showing he was the true inventor of PCR, and if it was found invalid, he wouldn't have anything left," Hallman said. Then he offered Mullis his coup de grace: "If the patent was struck down, it would be difficult or impossible to get the Nobel prize or any of the other prizes." Mullis got on board.

Each side called as many Nobel laureates as it could muster to bolster its case, although Kornberg refused to testify. On February 11, 1991, the jury came back by verdict: Cetus and upheld Mullis's prize. Now all he had to do was wait for the Sweden.

AND IN HIS CORNER, copying his Nobel speech. Suddenly Mullis appears in the door. He starts dancing around the office like a hypomanic boy whose gone off his Beatles. "What's your name at Berkeley in the Bronx?" he asks. "You know first name?" "Yeah." "Kary that's over." "No, it's not," he says. "I know plenty of women who are still in that mood. Henry? Then he dips up behind me and lifts up the back of the knee that I'm wearing. It has hand soap in it because

"I just wanted to see if I really wanted to sleep with you. How could I tell with that thing you're wearing?"

**M**ULLIS NEVER had any doubts the prize would be his. "I had been told by a lot of people that they thought I would win. It was amazingly obvious the invention had had a huge effect on things." The week before last year's prizes were announced, Robert Fildes was telling friends he didn't think Mullis could win. "He doesn't fit the normal mold of a Nobel-prize winner, and I know a lot of them," says Fildes. "He's a wild man. There's a certain amount of politeness involved, and I was not sure his personality and his lifestyle would have allowed him to win."

Even so-well Cynthia Gibson had her doubts. "In spite of the fact that he had been telling me he deserved it for quite a while, I was surprised," she says.

For Mullis the prize has become an endorsement not just of his mind but of his personality. He acts almost as if it has conferred a sort of immunity on him. Certainly he won't about to start carving himself in Stockholm. Asked if he's as bad behaved himself there, Gibson says with a small sigh, "I think he did. The police came only once."

For the several speeches he had to give, Mullis had brought with him a pen and paper to use as a prompter. In a playful mood one day he carried around the red dot of light as penlight below his hotel window. What he didn't know was that a year before, a sniper had been shooting random victims on Stockholm streets with a laser-guided rifle. In short order the police were at Mullis's door. "I said, 'Do you know who I am?'" Mullis recalls, using a phrase that since the Nobel has become a favorite in his vocabulary. The matter was promptly squandered out, though Mullis had to promise to stop terrorizing pedestrians.

Then there was the moment he met the long and quiet Most of the laureates simply stood through one answering line, shook the hands of the mystic and moved on. Not Mullis. "I told them that I had talked to a lot of people and it seemed they were very well liked and respected, but that people had a certain amount of doubt about the prizes," Mullis says. "A seven-year-old person would probably have some problems that needed a few years to work out. I had the confidence she would, and I said I would be willing to take a chance and offer my son's hand in marriage to her for a third of the legions."

"I thought they'd laugh, but they didn't," he says, slightly puffed.

It didn't seem to matter. Mullis says the aide assigned to him told him the next day that he had gotten a most prestigious standing ovation for that evening's dinner. "Maybe they were trying to move me away from the prizes," he muses. And his Nobel prize lecture—the one full of boyhood antics, country music, and lost loves—was a triumph. Afterward, madmen (most of them beautiful blonds) rushed him, asking for his autograph.

Most Nobel laureates won the prize after years, often decades, of meticulous, painstaking work; then return to their labs with the knowledge that they will probably never match their honored achievements. Mullis has

broken that mold. He says he has several books in him, one about his legal battle with DuPont, is already under way beyond that, but plans to write and speak about the scientific fallacies that shape our social and political worlds. First of all he wants to demystify the popular belief that scientists know what they're talking about. Gene-mangling and dogma, Mullis asserts, have replaced the quest for truth. "Science is being practiced by people who are dependent on being paid for what they are going to find out," he says.

For example, Mullis thinks there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the environment—that the ozone hole and global warming will turn out to be just hot air. He also doesn't believe the HIV virus causes AIDS. "There is no good correlation between the HIV virus and the AIDS cases except that most people with AIDS have HIV. But most of the people who have AIDS have about anything you can look for, and they've got it in abundance. What I'm changing is that AIDS isn't caused by any one virus. It is caused by a very interesting effect of a tremendous number of viruses."

Mullis is now being courted by the Japanese. He was recently hired by Denso, the all-powerful Japanese advertising agency to hawk products such as automobiles. "The way I understand it, the young people in Japan have aspirations to be more like Americans. I'm sort of representative of that in an idealized way," he says, with a manner that suggests he finds that notion both amusing and irritating.

"There's a guy who claims that he never works, and yet he does good. He has fun," Mullis says. "They would really like to hear from somebody who says, 'You don't have to actually work so hard if you would just use your brain, and you guys have good brains.'"

The temptation to cash in on the prize, Mullis says, avoids any laureate. "The ability to make money is open-ended. You can be on scientific boards, give lectures. [I could] make a million off it if that's what I wanted."

As excited as he is about the future, joining the coterie of contemplations and flicking for the Japanese seems a rather extravagant way to spend the last half of his life. "I think if he's wanting his talent," says so-well Gibson, "it's not by deciding to give up science. It's by putting so much energy into his sciences." And what does Mullis himself say to people who think someone with his talents should spend more time applying himself and less time indulging himself? "I tell them to go to hell."

Mullis looks into the future, and he sees great things. As with most everything else, he thinks he has greater abilities at that department than the rest of us. In the last 18 months he spent more months studying intensely in a physics seminar in Berkeley. "I took courses there, learning how to manipulate and also how to fool yourself and other people as a physicist, mystical kind of way."

It is in a precise, mystical kind of way that he wants to help humanity. It is no surprise that he has a theory, perfectly reflective of his personality, about the meaning of life and what awaits us when it's over. "I want to rekindle in some people a feeling of their own spirit, a feeling of, hey, let's not lose hope here. Let's remember that it's all for fun, anyhow. It's just to accumulate money. Because we're all going to end up at the bar at the end of the universe. And the ones who tell the best stories, you'll be in the front row." ■

## SUMMER READING



Esquire's edgy, hair-raising tour of the hidden precincts of the male soul. Enter at your own risk.

# Bad Behavior

## Suits

By Vince Passaro 76

## Negatives

By E. Annie Proulx 84

## The Metamorphosis

By Franz Kafka • Illustrations by R. Crumb 90

## Gentleman's Agreement

By Mark Richard 98

**F**rom the desk of William H. Rikerdon. To the files: I would like to tell the truth. I am in my office, looking down on Trinity Church, pretending to work, in this sort of trance just short of being asleep. It's a form of mental break, only to make partner around here you can never look like you're taking a break, you have to look like you're billing fucking time, so I have a deposition open in front of me and my head's down over it, as if I'm reading it. You get into an intensity of work that is like exercise, then you rest. My head lowered, my eyes cast to the left, toward the window, watching the light on the blackened stone walls and gray slate roof of the church, I can hear the post-punk sound of Aena, my secretary, updating this morning's desk of a motion. I'm supposed to have on Jack's desk by tomorrow night, it's a nutritional case.

CONTRAST TO THE SPECIFIC, self-serving anecdotes in *Wife's Answer to Husband's Motion to Order Compliance to Candy Agree* most:

Husband (4) never hit, struck, or slapped or physically or verbally or in any other manner abused or stalked Wife (4) never hit, struck or slapped or physically or verbally or in any other manner abused or stalked his children (4) never abandoned his children or appeared in their rooms either in the middle of the night, or in any other unsavory manner or in any other unsavory manner or in any other manner while they were sleeping or while they were awake. Husband further did not, as claimed by Wife, arrive home drunk on a regular basis. Husband became inebriated on no more than one occasion during his solitary year marriage to Wife each of these in relation to business-related social events such as dinners, dinner-dances, luncheon, shows, and other forms of entertainment. For these and the reasons above stated in Part I and II paying special attention to Part I, Section C, Paragraph 3, Wife's Motion for Summary Judgment of Claim should be rejected, and immediate compliance with existing, custody agreements should be ordered.

BELOW ME, IN THE whacking summer light, the gossamers in the chandelier look like scattered teeth. A woman's voice comes over Aena's intercom: "Aena, can you please ask Will to see me in my office when he has the chance? Tell him to bring his deposition. Thanks." It's Sue McCoskey, one of the partners. She refuses to leave me directly, states on using an intercom, not only as a proper formal exercise of her authority, but because then she avoids the risk of buzzing me, finding me not there or on a call and then having to buzz Aena—five seconds or so of otherwise billable fucking time.

"Did you get that?" Aena calls out.

"Yeah," I say. "Thanks."

"Hey, glad to help, anyone," Aena says, still typing. "Do you want some pages?"

# Suits

BY  
VINCE PASSARO

"Give me some pages," I say. "Give me some pages."

"I'm late on notes or something," she says.

"Fine, whatever you have."

"I'm shooting it to the laser."

"Fine." I say. "Whatever." I'm shooting it to the laser. I'm sitting at my desk and outgassing it over the church spire.

"Sue?" I say, arriving at Sue's office.

"Will," she says. "How are you on Thursday? I have a chance coming in for a preliminary discussion in three days."

"True," I say.

"When's your day-ten?" she says.

"I don't use a day-ten," I say.

"Are you sure about Thursday? I want to confirm with the client."

"Thursday's fine," I say. "Friday I have a business."

"I tell you what," Sue says. "Come to lunch with me tomorrow. I'll fill you in on background."

"The kind of suit up wearing the motion for Jack," I say.

The fact as an instrument of power, Sue's undergoes a rapid series of small muscular changes, a deflating, a shuddered sovereignty. In law firms people rarely give you shit, so finally caught are the nuances of authority that the mere threat of giving you this is enough. "I'm not going to be free between now and Thursday," Sue says. "This means, if I want to work on the case, or any other shit has anything to do with it for the future, I have to go to lunch with her."

"I guess I can slip out," I say.

"Good," Sue says. Her face softens, she is warm with acceptance and approval. "It's an interesting case. Very desirable if we can get something going. Deep-pocket defendant, possible press, the whole bit. It's a name case when it comes to partnership."

I'm up for partner at the end of the year. Bread hints are now regularly dropped. Offers dangle, leashes and canopies hang in the air, faced as yesterday's balloons. "Thanks, Sue," I say.

She lowers her voice. "Actually Jack wanted me to see Carol, but I stood up to you."





"Thanks, Sue."  
 "Carol's a puss. She's very smart but she's a puss."  
 "Thanks, Sue."  
 "So lunch tomorrow, one?"  
 "Sure." I turn. "And thanks again, Sue."  
 "Puss." Sue snags down the flap on her Piliatix. It sounds like small arms fire in a distant field.

**A**T 4:35, SUE'S SECRETARY, OLIVIA, delivers to Anne a Redbook-like containing Sue's correspondence and notes to file on the Murray case, the case she's assigned me to work on. On the outside of the folder, a little yellow sticky note from Sue: "Will—please review this material before tomorrow's lunch." I put the folder on the folder next to my desk and don't pick it up again until 7:00, when I've finished reviewing today's drift of Jack's motion. It is a rape case. Two men broke into the client's apartment, beat her, raped her, and eventually robbed her before they left several hours later. They were never apprehended. It is obvious that we will propose she enter a case of negligence and loss of commercial services against the building, as that slide high-rise. According to the police report there were three security people scheduled to be on duty, but only two had reported for work, and at the time of the attack, one of those was on break. The video equipment, a camera inside in the hallway had been in repair for three weeks. No one was entering the displays for the surveillance system at that time anyway, because of the short-handed staff. A psychiatrist's letter describes our client as suffering from "chronic clinical levels of depression, hostility, alienation, and aggravated sexual dysfunction, with little hope of recovery in the foreseeable future." Unfortunately, it also points out that she was a socially active housewife before the rape and that now, though the cannot become intimate with men, she continues to have sporadic relationships with women. But this evidence can be suppressed or with a New York jury even managed to our benefit. Sue's notes are on a yellow pad.

**I** GET HOME AT 8:30. The stress phase of Elia's blouse and skirt are soaked from giving Henry his bath. Henry is a couple of months shy of two, Sue, our second case, is brand-new, seven weeks. Elia's mother was here for a while helping out, but now she's back at her place on West End and cannot come every day or two for as long. She has left. Elia has been crying a side crop of things alone—I keep telling her to love someone, but she doesn't do it.

"When's for dinner?" I say.  
 "Cookies are for dinner," Elia says.  
 "Like the wet I when look," I say.  
 "Don't even think about it," Elia says.  
 "Very sorry."  
 "Touch me and I'll tell you," she says.  
 I reach out for the front of her blouse and she dives a bit into my rib cage. "I haven't had a moment to myself all day, mother," she cries. She goes into the bedroom and I make a tuna sandwich.

Later that night we stretch out on the couch together, her propped up and Elia lying between my legs, with her

head resting on my chest, watching television. Elia burrows into my chest. I hold her, a slight trembling, it is hard to tell which of us it is. Her head feels like it's trying to push straight through to my heart. She is muzzling something into my chest cavity. I can feel words muzzling in my lungs.

"Excuse me?" I say.  
 "Please turn off the television," she says.  
 "Are you crying?" I say.  
 "No, just turn off the TV," she says.  
 I make a small motion to change and get up.  
 "Don't leave!" she says. She puts on with arms and legs, her head up under my chin. I stroke her hair. The top of her head has a small, I think I would recognize anywhere. "See if you can turn it off with your face," she says. I extend my leg, probe with my big toe. It is a big, old color as a corner pressed on to us after we were married, no cable, no VCR, we've never replaced it, or upgraded, we employ a guarded laceman in the face of new technology. I can't reach the top button to turn the set off, but I am able to slide the volume lever down. The set flickers in silence, like a flame.

"This is not really normal people remote control," I say.  
 "We're not normal," Elia says. We stay like this for a while, her on top, moaning and falling as I breathe. We pose our different brands of trousers back and forth to each other through the skin. She shifts, then I shift, and then we are pressed together in a familiar and uncomfortable way, we click into place like two pieces that fit. A first rhythm. My hands are in the area between her ribs and legs, the soft concavity of her waist. I pull up her blouse, shift damp, she never bothered to change it, and I put my hands on her skin, cold from the nearness. She kisses my neck, her face up and her and slattery a mermaid's face. She arches up and our lips meet. Mountain. Salt.

"Henry was concerned on this couch," I say.  
 "He really liked and spit me," Henry, she says, "was concerned on the red chair."  
 "That's right," I say. "I forget. We were so wild in those days."

It wasn't even three years ago," she says.  
 "Our last youth," I say.  
 "I'll show you last youth," Elia says. We undress. The nucleus of clothes on furniture and floor, the hair of rising human forms. Naked, she stands the footed, a child at the beach. We touch again, and I know instantly that the small flame that was in her has gone out, her enthusiasm is over, now she is at rest and she is at the stage of Elizabeth. I don't want her to submit, I want her to want. Elizabeth's rest alone—if she truly wanted to submit, we would have that kind of relationship, I would physically over-whelm her, and we would both affirm my power in the act. But this is not what she wants at all—Elia's submission is a means-undulating. Hard cracks, nibbling noise. My advanced count back, no forwarding address. Then we wait. She waits to see if I can resist her, I wait for her to give. I say various things, and they have all the awkward, one-way feeling of trying. With my fingers, my lips, my tongue and arms and shoulders and legs. I'm pressing, during, learning, and appealing. I'm in contact to argue a case I haven't prepared. It's a weak case in any event. Her body is the jury—slack, unresponsive, dense, vaporous. And so

we reach a settlement, she and I, because I know I cannot win, and she knows she doesn't want to prove it. Not now. Not one. All politicians.

**O**VER ONION DRIVE, on a slightly superior version of an Irish pub, Sue gives me more details about the Murray case. "This darnedly unflashy, sensible middle-and-board-order-type restaurant in a place Sue would never take anyone else, having chosen it as a reminder to me of where both of us are coming from [she's from Long Island, I'm from Brooklyn]. Sue runs down the case—this is the group, corporate side of the line, the personal group goes over her so that you can represent someone else, in the eyes of the state, be there for them. The client, when she works, is a freelance writer. She is black. Her father is wealthy and influential in the Harlem political machine, a friend of the mayor. The whole name Sue talks about I rub her leg under the tablecloth. I keep my hand on top of her drum, which is a slippery material like nylon or silk. I just move up and down there. Her legs part up so slightly. This is how we talk, an old manner with us. My hand moves up. Sue needs to be trifled at a fairly constant level because the feet bottom-out and even the shortest episodes of warring antagonism. She enjoys this game as part of the process she can exercise over me—the one who is to do this [the first time she barely let me touch her hand and put it there] and then, if she feels like it, she me first. Or so she argues."

"They did everything to this poor woman," Sue says, working her spoon against the side of her bowl to free a hunk of melted cheese. My hand through the spoon makes contact with the rim of her panache and she puts the spoon down. "If you can think of it, they did it to her," she says. "They've seen the psychologist's report. Privately, I'm embarrassed to talk about it. God knows how she's going to testify." I rub Sue's abdomen for a minute. The stress on the pattern is like rubbing plastic on top of plastic, but beneath it is the uncomfortable, open, overheard, a gradual yielding of the finest muscles leading to it. We watch each other. No visible emotion. I slowly withdraw my hand. Sue breathes a puny-muffled and puts open a lid-wrapped pad of paper.

"How did you ever make justice, Sue?" I ask. She looks at me over her hand, better look.

"Toughie have words and a hint of cruelty," she says. She connects me with the pace of evidence. "Well," she says then, "you're a smart lawyer and a nice guy. You're so at an advantage. All the time you have seen it. Not any smart lawyer, but attitude. That's the top on you. I strongly recommend you straighten up and fly right, if you catch my drift."

**O**N THURSDAY THE CLIENT, she says, I keep wanting to call her arrives half an hour late and brushing with hostility, a small, thick, light-skinned black woman in her late twenties or early thirties. Her name is Unah Murray. Sue brings her up into the conference room and introduces me.

Unah, this is Will Riddell. He's going to be the attorney on the case. Why don't we sit over here." Sue directs us to seats at either side of hers at the head of the long table.

Unah glares at me and sits. In her face the kind of rage that builds the world. She seems to rub herself into her chair, as if it is added to a shape she doesn't quite fit.

Sue picks up some folders. "Unah, let me put some by saying—"

"Actually, Sue, I have something I'd like to say," Unah interrupts. "I'd like to say I'm very uncomfortable working with a man or two case. As I recall there are a number of women attorneys at this law firm, and I wonder why, given the circumstances, a man has been assigned. It borders on the insensitive, it borders on the insulting. It's stupid."

We sit in silence. Unah and I are looking at Sue. "Well, Unah, let me put my I'm fully cognizant of your concern," Sue says. Obviously she has thought of this objection already, as it had's occurred to me. I'm going to try to argue to make you feel as comfortable as possible with the representation we provide on this very sensitive case. I think it's obvious in response to what you've indicated that we gave a lot of thought as to who should stand on this case, male, female, whatever, and there are several reasons why Will is the best choice. First and foremost, he is our best associate, already a fine legal mind and superb negotiator. Second, we felt having a man work who you becomes important when you realize that this case, because of the extensive nature of the damages we will seek if you choose to have us represent you, is quite likely to go to trial. The defense attorneys will want to have a man. We will require a jury, and they will likely seek to put as many men as possible on it. This is to keep in mind in the centrality. This judge all so well likely be male. Our case will hinge on your testimony. Sue ability to deal with the issues of this lawsuit in favor of men will be very useful to us at that case. So that's our thinking. Will is a man. He can help this. We all deplore the tragedy that has occurred here. I suggest you go through with this moment, think about these issues, and we can talk about it—five looks at her calendar here—tomorrow is bad, but how else blonder?"

Unah starts at Sue, then looks at me. "Okay," she says. "Ground rules for today: Correct money. I don't want him to speak. I don't want him to move. I don't. Once we can let him breathe some air. He can write on his pad. He can be the stenographer. He can bring coffee. Make him out of the woodwork. I don't want to see him, hear him or smell him. I don't want to know he exists."

"That's fine," Sue says. She sits open her folders across the conference table.

**T**HINGS AT HOW GET BETTER, then worse, then better again, with all good, satisfaction, a moment or two of ignorance. The boys thrive in such times, sunlight and play and early to bed, they are well, their hair shines. The sense of clouds lifting, the clear house of a manageable future. Standing at the kitchen sink, finishing up the dishes, I discover that a plastic toilet bowl, empty, ready for replacing, when held by the base and hopped against the porcelain makes a rich and primitive range of sounds, like an ancient drum. I am playing a game, a rhythm going between the deep resonance of the middle of the bowl and the sharp percussive of the stability top. Sober in the bathroom, I am in the bathroom, I am doing



湖北经济学院 湖北经济学院

these kids are putting it on for real. They are everywhere, on the subway, on the cars, and out on the street, drinking from large plastic cups. The line of traffic worms through Astoria, we pass, kids wave at us with a black hostility. At five miles an hour, we encounter head after head, staring at us, a stream of fuckwads.

"Look at those goddamn kids," Ron says. "Look at the fucking cars they have. Are these kids niggers or spics or what? I can't even tell."

"Why don't you ask them?" I say in a quiet voice.

"That's a good idea," Rose says, and reaches for the button to lower the window. It starts to go down, then a loud shake and starts going up again. The driver, an Indian guy, turns around to look at us, his face stretched and confused.

"Does much that lagging window of I paid you out?" he bellows. Then he faces front again.

Ran is bleary-eyed, rock with beer and cigar smoke in his hair. He looks out to the left toward the skyline. Drunk, he is an enormous sentimental. "Look at that city, will you?" he says, as the car proceeds onto the bridge. Harlem is a wall, a fortress spread before us. We move toward it, slowly, in a phalanx of cars like a line of supplicants, and there we are in it, lights throbbing, lights bouncing off car roofs, white light on black pavement, the red and blues and greens of the motor signs doubling in the retro glass windows of defunct storefronts. There's

thrust at night and there is traffic everywhere. You get the sense the place is a medieval city, a distant port, a cathedral place, full of action except you'll never know where it is. We turn south on Seventh Avenue, which is grand, with the old, crasse facades on either side and a strip of big trees down the center. At each stop we step into the park and see the same things: the same trees, the same grass, the same curves like a cruise liner tidying itself up the harbor. If you're an American, you've got to see live long cars. After Harlem we are silent, passing through moods dictated by the landscape: in the shadows and billfolds of the park with a headache coming on from the cheap beer and wanting nothing more than to be at home and in bed with my wife. I see a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. I'm tired in this dark chariot, between two hostile influences. I feel for a moment as if I've been kidnapped, except I'm not innocent. And then I get myself up, it is my turn to see. I see things, they own me. We are in a car together, nothing more. The tall, carpeting, the leather seats, the car's whorls of the arms in the turns, and the music of thirty years ago piped into the car via the speakers behind us. I see a man in a suit, a woman, a car so wrapped in mosaic and decorative materials.

**T**HAT'S A STRAIGHTFACED JOINT, a long, narrow place with no tables, three steps down, clattering with the hiss of synthesized dance music. The women on the platform swing and sway, pull stems of bright material across themselves, they fall heavily to the floor to do leg splits before narrow-eyed customers who give them a dollar. I can't help noticing their braises, their tiny scars, the raw red lumps on the backs of their heads where their shoes rub. Rain orders fewer beers to go around, when a Swedish girl needs for herself.

"A goddamn strip bar," Jack says as we wait for our drinks. "I can't even tell you the last time I was in one of these places."

"Darr, Jack," Ron says. "You never go near the stuff I've always wondered about you. I've always asked myself, 'Is Jack a well dancer?' Are you a famous Jack?"

Jack Leach

"Jack's married to a lovely wife," I say. "So am I."

Ryan looks at me with a kind of mild surprise, as if he is just noticing me for the first time. "Why, that's no excuse," he says. "Lots of people are married. I believe I'm still married, aren't I, Jack?"

Jack looks at his watch. "As of this minute, yes, you are."

"Let's celebrate marriage," Ben says, raising his glass. "A marriage subterfuge."

Jack needs his glass. I do not. Above me, a young woman has her hands clasped over her breasts, her fingers

splits to allow her nipples to pulse through between them; she passes through zones of tinted lights, pink and blue and silver. She moves her hands around to circles, in a slow massage, and flicks her tongue at me. In her eyes a glancing mosaic of bonfire and humped. She smiles and I look away. The best ones keep their expressions aloof and let their bodies do the work, a rhythmic, twitching exposure that seems smokeless or half-composed.

Don't be a *chick*! I've been unable to participate in games or firmament that seemed suitable to me. I suppose that's it. It takes a certain level of bovine stupidity to fit in. That's a tragedy. It is impossible to believe for a moment that they are to be here, the only attraction I can imagine is of finding a woman in difficult circumstances, forced to take her clothes off. The additive word of money and subjugation. I look down the long bar, at the row of men lined up as at a trough. Jack and Ron and I stand on each foot or two apart. It would be pointless to talk. Barrooms in low-rise backyards and smoking lights around. Flaming drinks. I like looking at their bodies in haste. Moving their clothes on, working makes them look unattractively human and women.

Then Jack's hand is on my shoulder, his attitude benign and superior—brother, father, priest.

"Goodnight," he says. "I'm taking a cab. You drop Ron off in the dial car and then take it home yourself. Don't leave him here."

"I won't, Jack."

"I mean it. Will I know how you like to drop the ball, walk away from things when they turn ugly or difficult?"

"The world is an ugly place, Jack."

chance if he stays until four in the morning. You stay right with him. Call me if you have a problem."

"Yes, Jack."

One of the things you realize about the adult world that you saw as a kid but didn't understand is how frightened most grown-ups are. Jack goes to Ran and makes his smooth, awkward goodbye. It is obvious from the distance, perhaps as far as they penetrate their departure in the consuming heat of the music, that each is frightened of the other, and desperate. Jack's face is tight, taut, pale. His smile looks like someone behind him is

parking back his cheeks, exposing his teeth, performing an exorcism of the physical properties of a reconstructed, late-twentieth-century skull. His Italian suit looks absurd. He loves the bar a boy, only a boy, embarrassed and frightened and confused. He will go home to his wife and pretend he is otherwise. Above her, a woman is leaning with one arm against a mirror, hair out to the room, sleeping her own life.

**R**HE WAS FINALLY HAD IT. His eyes looked like somebody spilled red ink on them. She felt a tingle in his stomach, a tenderness that could almost melt knees next up to a ball. The women are murmuring and swaying on pastel legs. My God, they look angry. You sense that if a morsel of pretensions were possible, and they were to seduce you, they would tell you: Right now, though, they have to strut it. One of the dancers, an Asian woman, stands on her head and scoops her legs. She gives steps all around, passing out bills with out looking at them. He wants a kiss from one of the beauties. It surprised her, complex. His big purple pants crumpled, they were around his head, scratching due hair and lips and nose.

"Let's go, Ron," I say. I touch his shoulder. "Huh?" he says, jumping from the bar. His legs are

for some reason, a Wicharracha officer on his right, on the town. "Let's get the fuck out of here. Let's blow

Outside, our driver is upright behind the wheel, staring straight ahead. It's eerie to think he's been like that since we got here. Ron and I slide into the backseat. Thank you, the door.

"Take this young man home to his wife," Ron yells. The driver looks at us in his rearview. Ron lives on the East Seventeen, I live on the West Side, it would make sense to drop him first, but I don't argue. I give the driver

We pull out onto the empty street, make a left, go over to Third Avenue and up from there, which makes no sense. Madison would have been better, but I'm too tired for a discussion about it. Third Avenue here is a bit like London or some other city rebuilt after the war, a mixture of the remains of old, sagging structures and cheap office towers. Americans dominate. As we drive farther north, the shops look nicer. Everything is closed, dark, used, looked over.

"Wah," Rose says softly. I turn and look at him. His face is a crumbling, ashy white, except for the reddened lips. He's slumped down in his seat and he has the most bizarre expression on his face; it is hard to place at first, looking up at me, eyebrows raised, hint of a smile, hint of a tongue as

the back of his open mouth, until I realize that this is his impression of a woman. Then I see the rest of it: His shirt and pants are open and he is wearing a white lacey bra and red panties, both of which are pulled absurdly tight across him, with an obscene profusion of hair all around. The panties are too small to hold his balls, which are spilling out the sides, and the head of his cock peeps out over the top. He's fucking the air.

"I put these on for you," he says.

"Jesus," I say.

"Tell me what you're wearing," he says.  
 "Rox, that totally isn't my scene." I'm edging myself at

"Then you have on what cotton briefs?" He puts a hand around my wrist and looks on. With the other one he's rubbing himself. "Just touch me. Just—touch me."

"From, you're out of here," I say.

"I put my foot to touch me, you son of a bitch." It's pulling in earnest once, really digging in. He's straining as hell. Then again, so am I. He pulls on my wrist and I push back hard, pulling him off his center and dragging his body closer to mine. He starts to half-slide, half-crawl toward me. I'm presently up on my feet in the back of the car to avoid having to touch him. The hand-and-wrist thing has been enough—such surprise, such of encountering someone who's actual physical presence, coming up against skin and muscle and bone. And I patiate *Umla agna* and, for some reason, raw mother.

Rae slides down across where I was sitting, still holding my wrist. I can't get my leg off me; his snickling down onto the seat with a kind of whining and grunting noise. An infant. I'm crowded with my back against the front seat. I hit him in the rib cage, hard. He's still rubbing that noise. Like one of my children, it enrages me. He hit him again, just bringing my fist down like a pavel on his side. Something seems to crack a little bit. He groans. He's just lying there on his stomach, mostly covered by his suit. The car pulls to a stop and I drag myself out of the door and close it fur. I'm standing on the street in front of my apartment building. A where the dinner leaves his front window.

"Where you want me to take the address guy?" he says, growling back with his head. I just stare at him for a minute, breathing hard. "Was a nurse, sorry," I say, and turn away. I'm starting to get the shakes. I can feel them coming, cold and sickening in the warm night. I lean against the car for a second, pulling my feet together—it's hot. Then I give her the address. He waves it on the charge slip. He passes the slip to me, on a small clipboard. "Sign please," he says and I do, resting the clipboard on the roof of the car. William Bonin account number 2298, [charlottesville.com](http://charlottesville.com).

## SUITS BY VINCE PASARO



**Vince Passaro** grew up in Great Neck, Long Island. Now the director of communications for Adelphi University, he worked for a time in New York's financial district as a paralegal in a law firm considerably more sedate than the firm depicted in "Suits." "For all the dryness of the law," says Passaro, "most legal conflicts are essentially about competing narratives, and I find the work fascinating for that reason." He put together the story "Suits" from the opening of an untitled novel-in-progress to be published by Random House. This marks Passaro's second appearance in *Esquire*.

**Y**EAR AFTER YEAR rich people moved into the mountains and built glass houses at high elevations; at sunset, when the valleys were smothered in leathery shadow, the heliostat mansions flashed like an armada signaling for the attack. The newest of these series belonged to Buck B., a forcibly retired television personality attracted to scenery. A crew of outside carpenters arrived in the fall and labored until spring. Trucks bearing great sheets of tempered glass crept over the dirt roads. The owner stayed scarce until June, when his dusty Mercedes, with an inverted bicycle on the roof, pulled up at the village store and in came Buck B., clenching a map and asking for directions to his own house.

A few weeks later the first yellow cab over him in the snow dogged Walter Wilker to the same place. Wilker, who had come a long way in ten years from Coors Town, called Buck B. on his pay phone, and he was at the store and Buck B. could just get down those and pack him up. The cabdriver bought a can of pineapple juice and a gourmet cheese sandwich, waited in the taxi.

"I got into a year," said the storekeeper, peering out between advertising placards, watching Wilker transfer his packs, portfolios, cameras and six cameras from the taxi to the Mercedes.

"Tell you what I'll give you," said the tough customer. "What I'll do."

But it all year all over before the first snow and no one had to do a thing.

"Why do you let that sweet lady?" said Buck, cast eye his lightless eyes on Wilker, who loomed beside the cab in the desert-like bathroom. Buck's hands were crusted with dry left wall in front of his black eyes. Wilker's hands were in yellow rubber gloves, scrubbing away Albino Mink's gray ring. Buck's face was all shape and long teeth like the face of Tennessee as old French comedians, his hair applied like silver water.

"No thank you're going to get some photographs don't you? That she a same kind of a subject. The Rural Downward don. And then what, the pictures he around in studio. Nobody but you knows what they are. The edge of an ear. A dirty face. You better keep her out of the apartment." He waved his Wilker and nothing. After two or three seconds Buck looked the lady room door shut, turned back to his day, hands held in front of him like ceremonial knives shaped for cutting out scenes.

The fingers on both hands wouldn't count the dinner. Wilker Wilker rained with his scores of Albino Mink. Friends came up from the city for a mountain weekend, had no later to guilty accounts. She had left her awful husband like a damaged survivor who had leaves under his cane in the woods. She lived with an elderly contained salesman made such a story by rural statements that Albino had been robbed twice to the emergency room, she was being prosecuted for welfare fraud, her children had had lice, she enjoyed a vaginal cut.

They saw her at the supermarket, standing on line with children clamped on the cart like flaps or carrying bags of beer and chips out to a pickup truck in the parking lot. Her children, with

thick-lidded eyes and reptilian mouths, sat in the back seats, truck had, rolling empty soda cans. Albino, her hair squashed against her head, climbed into the passenger seat of the cab, smoked cigarettes, waiting for someone who would come later.

ONE DAY WALTER PAUSED, HER WALKING ON THE Muddy shoulder of the road, the children stumbling and spilling behind her. He pulled up, asked if the woman a ride.

"Sure as hell do." Stupid rough voice. She pulled the back seat, threw dropped, smeared faces into the back seat and got in beside her. She was then, about the size of a mother-in-law. Her coarse hair looked like she cut it herself with a jackknife, her white face like a lotted shot of more blood. He noticed, not the color of her eyes but the bearded looking look around them.

"Know where the full-gate Road is? Near one after that? Road up there." The town was held. She sat at her main, spineless legs of the top of her nose.

The road was a double-gauged track. She pulled the half asleep children out like socks, saying, "Come on" and started up through the mud, one box on her hip, the other two coming at their own pace, crying. He waved, but she didn't look around.

At dinner he did an imitation of the way she woped her nose on the back of her hand. Buck B. looked, crumpled her clouded with clay dust, smog his dish of yogurt and nuts, getting through the glass wall as the mountains. He said, "God, that's beautiful. Why don't you do mountains instead? Why don't you take pictures of something, animals?" Then he said he was afraid that Albino Mink's children had seen the backside of the blue curls with loose ribs. They were starting to fight when the phone rang and Wilker got the last word, saying, "I'm not here if it's one of your stupid friends wanting a free picture." He meant Barb Cigar, who once had called to say that her men were covered with lovely perfect leaves and didn't Wilker want to come with his camera? No, he did not. It was Barb Cigar, with the dew-lapped mouth like the flows of a wound, who had given Buck B. an antique silver spoon to have fallen from Coors Palakoti hand in the bottle for Stomach (a piling silver from her ex-father-in-law from his cutlery collection), who had seen a youth in a panda-bear suit to sing "Happy Birthday" under Buck's window, she who named her streetwise puppy M. B.

## Negatives

BY

E. ANNIE PROULX



WALTER'S photographs were choled down and open, out of focus, the horizons tilted, overexposed, objects looming in the foreground, the heads of people quarant and lobbed. What he called the best one showed a small, boyish house with a grape arbor and a porch. Right the grass needed cutting. Guano smeared through the photographs gave coming back to this dull scene and gradually the image of this house showed an insect hovering the arbor curved back and offensive, the heavy grass bent with rain. The strength of the photograph emerged as though the viewer's eye were sent a dull, feverish stimulus. It would inspire a lot better, said Buck, if Walter wrote out the captions. *The House under Brown and Low Call were Blighted by the River. Ruston Call.*

"If you have to say what something about," said Walter, "it's not about anything except you saying it's about something."

"Spit me," said Buck. "Spit are these deep philosophic al insights?"

WALTER'S PHOTOGRAPHER FINISHED HIS FIRST ARRANGEMENT OF GUM MOUNTS ON BACKLASS GLASS, A DUAL WALLITY IN A WATER TUB, A MOUNT-UP-ON-FOLLOWING A SQUAD ANTENNA COMING OUT OF A HUNTING MOUTHER. MOTHER WOMEN SMILED IN CARNIVAL OF BLOOD. One of the friends called from Brown and had given the summer with the anthropologists flying over the world looking for rain. "There was this first order on the Illinois Peninsula." Dancers twisted like water into a dancing ribbon.

The wooden box, he said, fell apart when it was lifted from the earth. Inside they found knives, spears, two small photographic records of religious music, a bullet mold, a pair of cracked spectacles, a cooking pot stamped with snails, a tobacco can. From the tobacco can they took a dozen negatives, the emulsion cracked with age. From were on the way to Walter.

When they arrived he was disappointed. All but one of the photographs showed squabbling mountaineers. The other photograph was of an Iraqi child in front of a weather-whipped building. Her arms were worn in a pattern of charcoal, and in the crumpled distance, by a stained sheet. Her face had the shape of a handprint, the eyebrows curved like willow leaves. She looked against the scarred clipboard, arms folded over her breast, mouth as in a grained circle, and both eyes lost in their sockets.

Walter caught the flow in the shadow. Light coursed through the space between the soles of the child's boots and the ground because her weight was on her heels. She was prepped against the building.

"It's a corpse," and Walter, dazed, said "She's a girl!"

Buck, tanning, caulked, and when the photograph came. "Like Nureddin of the North, maybe? Starved to death? Or tuberculosis? Something like that?"

Walter said there was no point in trying to understand what it meant. "It can't mean anything to us. It's only meant something to the one who put this negative in the tobacco can."

Buck, wearing a scratchy wool sweater next to his skin, and something under his blouse.

ONCE IN TWICE A WEEK they drove to the mall with its clean stores, pants stands, liquor store, story-machine photo shop, White-U-Wear apocryph, House of Shoes, bargain carpets, and Universal Hardware.

"I told you to bring the other credit card," said Buck. "I

told you the Visa was ruined when it fell under the seat and you needed a back."

Walter poured through his pockets. He leaped when Albert Muth rapped on the passenger window with a beer bottle. She was smiling, leaning out of a garbage truck parked beside them, smoke floating out of her mouth. Her rough brown hair like his. She was wearing the same gray, stretched-out acrylic sweater.

"Nice truck," said Walter. "Big."

"It ain't mine. It's a friend of mine's. The just wanted for him." She glanced across the highway, where there were three low-riding cars, the jay, the Hummer, Skip's.

Walter joked with her. In the driver's seat Buck suddenly leapt up, yanked himself into a swarm of feelings. He had found the other credit card in his own pocket. Albert drove back her head in swivel back, and Walter reversed the gray rings of dirt on her throat.

"You take pictures?"

"Yeah."

"Well, someone maybe you'll take one of me?"

"For gods' sake," teased Buck. "Let's go."

But Walter did want to photograph her, the way she had looked that day by the side of the road, the light strong and flickering.

IN OCTOBER ALBERT MUTH STAYED IN sleep in the Mercedes. Walter wrote about it on Sunday to the papers. There she was, he said she couldn't see up. He had to pull her eyelids. Dull, black, closed eyes, she was crying. His car couldn't say what she was doing there. He guessed it was a case of *Somnambulism drinking and lighting*, run off and back in somebody's car. It was a two mile walk from the main road to somebody's Mercedes and all in the dark.

He brought her into the house. The mask well, glass from roof to ground, formed the mountains, an ascending mass of rock as dull as the nose of a dead, brown, tongueless of some twisting out of the springs on its flanks. The mountain pressed into the room with an immolation of agony. Flushing particles of ice dust appeared in the air around the house. The wind shook the walls and liquid shuddered in the glass.

In this meaningful house Albert Muth was terrible, pulled face marked by the veins of the automobile upholstery, hands like roots, and staring night-dress clothes. She followed Walter in to the kitchen where Buck worked a mechanical panicle and drank seaweed tea, his lowered eyelids as smooth as porcelain, one bare tooth in a loose upper lip.

"What?" he said, choosing up like an unshut, jangling the cap, clapping the punch pipe. He leaped from the room, the car on his right foot tapping.

"What happened to her?" said Albert. She was attracted to some.

Walter poured coffee. "He's a deer."

"Dell's from the car?"

"He wasn't in the car. He was riding his bicycle."

Albert laughed through a mouthful of coffee. "He's a deer, rider a bike?"

"The deer stood there and he thought it would run off so he kept on going but a devil's and he is. These the deer did run off and Buck had a broken slide and a wounded bird."

She wiped her mouth, looked around. "This is some place," she said. "Not yours, though. His."

"Buck?"

"Must be rich."

"He used to be an advertisement. Long ago. Back in the long ago. A kid's show—M&M's & Elephant. Before you were born. Now he makes poetry. That's one of his cups you're drinking from. That bowl with the apples."

She put her head on one side and looked in the table, the clay floor tiles, the canyon building, the hand carved cactus cactus, drank the coffee with a nose, like a deer, and over the rim of the blue cap the window in Walter.

"His rich," she said. "I can't take a hard."

What would she say, thought Walter, if she saw Buck & had seen again with the *Frangula latifolia* in the shape of a blue light-jump? He showed her to the downstairs bath.

SHE CAME MANY TIMES after that, walking up the present road to the dock, crossing step the car and filling it with her stale breath. Walter threw a sleeping bag in the backseat. She added a plastic trash bag stuffed with pulled sweaters and wrinkled polyester slacks, a mental hairbrush, a pair of pink pants about with a butterfly design punched over the car. He wondered what she had done with her children but didn't ask.

In the morning she wound around the larchen door until Walter let her in. He watched her drunk nose cross. Instead to her smaller child, which collapsed toward a a mouth opened and twenty upon, and at noon when the hour opened he took her to the mall.

"Come on, take my picture. Nobody never took my picture since I was a kid," she said.

"Somebody."

"Walter, she is living in my car," said Buck. He could hardly speak.

Walter threw her a high smile.

THEY DREW THEM CAME QUICKER. Abandoned car and dogs skulked along the road. The first of leaves dead, the mountain melted into gray through like a dull head. A second of destruction erupted when a ball got loose at the cattle auction house and crumpled an elderly farmer when a car was forced off the road by pimpled cowboys throwing pumpkins. Minutes came for the deer and blood cracked along their track leaders. Walter took pictures of them leaping against their pelicans. Through binoculars Buck watched leggers clear-cut the mountain's slopes, and Albert Muth slept in the Mercedes every night.

WALTER LIKED THE DEER called Buck Puck and drove past the winds of the old posthouse two or three times a week. This time it showed itself as her like some kind of gray. Station made stand egg-like yellow. At he stared, the sunlight faded and once more it became a raised building. He thought he would photograph the place. Tomorrow. On the day after.

A cold from cold in white they sleep and in the morning the light pingled through creaking clouds, the sky between the house and the mountain filled with loops of wind. The camera strap swung into the side of Walter's neck as he ran down the stairs to the car. He could hear the bulldozers on the mountain. Albert Muth was asleep up on the backseat.

"The working today. Get me up, get up early."

The mountains melted and darkened under cloud shall

ow. There was no color in the fields, only a slow deep rattle of snail and chalky breeze. Albert sat up, face thickened with sleep.

"Tin bother you. Just lay here in the car. I'm sick."

"Look. The going to be working all day. The car will be cold."

"Can't go back up to the trailer, not. Can't go to the mall. It's too hot, too."

"Don't tell me anything about it." He cut the Mercedes too far back, put the rear wheels in Buck's spiderly body. "Don't tell me about your legs."

THE PHOTOGRAPHER WAS A RACK of wind-scrapped buildings in faded sunlight, glaring and then dark like the morning end of a red film spinning out numbers and raw light. Albert followed her through the backroads.

"I thought you wanted to stay in the car and sleep."

"Oh, to look around."

Inside, the rooms were as small as panicles and clouds. Patterns of clay-colored plaster had fallen away from the lids, pale speckled across the floor. The rooms were slabs of rubbish bottomed floors up.

"You guess for this place up?" she said, looking out trails, pulling light chains contacted to their bulbs.

"I'm taking pictures," said Walter.

"Why take my picture, okay?"

He ground her, went into a room, punched out door panicle, drifts of this in the corners, and the paint cracked like dead mud. He heard her in another room, according to the fifth.

"Come in here. Stand by the window," he called. He was convinced by the complexity of light in the small chamber, a wave of absence gray fell in from the window faded and deepened along the wall with the wall and house of damp places. She put her arm along the top of the low window, embracing the panicle from and moving her head on her shoulder like that.

Like that.

The light leered, so the appeared part of the window came.

"For god's sake take this disgusting sweater off."

Her knowing smirk disappeared into the hollow of the room. She thought she knew what they were about. Her mouth ratched, she stood on aluminum feet and looked off her pants. She was all vertical, downward line, narrow arms and legs like wood strips, one nipple black, round by light, the other a tiny glimmer in the meager shadow of her body. She turned to Walter to face her arms or show her against the soaked wall. He ordered her to move toward the room.

"Now by the doorway. Put your hand on the doorknob."

Her purpled fingers half closed on the iron glass globe. The dark flesh took the light from the window, she coughed, leaned against the door and the paint fell in brittle flakes. But there was a doghouse about her bare shoulders, her knuckled back, she guided her.

"Behind the door. Squares over this broken panel. Don't smile."

Her feet appeared in the splintered opening, washed with the false importance the camera asked. Click. Uh-oh.

Walters thrummed took toward the room across the hall. He saw on the floor a mound of broken glass, splinter and curved. It was deep in a manured room. Light graced a broken dinner.

"Repeat down over this pile of glass." A hot feeling faded.



**A**S GREGOR SAMSA AWOKED ONE MORNING AFTER DISTURBING DREAMS, HE FOUND HIMSELF TRANSFORMED IN HIS BED INTO AN ENORMOUS BUG.

THIS VERY LIKELY THE MOST FAMOUS FIRST SENTENCE IN MODERN LITERATURE, BEGINS KAFKA'S MASTERPIECE:

# METAMORPHOSIS

FRANZ KAFKA  
DIE VERWANDLUNG



DER JÜNGSTE TAG • 22./23  
KURZ WOLFF VERLAG • LEIPZIG  
1924

*Als Gregor Samsa eines Morgens aus unruhigen Träumen erwachte, fand er sich in seinem Bett zu einem ungeheuren Ungeziefer verwandelt.*

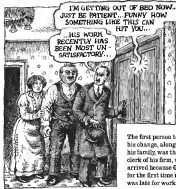
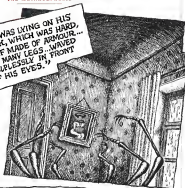
Story by Franz Kafka • Illustrations by R. Crumb

In 1962 Robert Crumb was a card illustrator for American Greetings Corporation. Three years later he swallowed a job of LSD and began channeling his lonely, neurotic, and satirical energy into producing his own comics. Crumb's Zap Comix hit the streets of San Francisco in 1968, and he soon became a cult hero, legendary for inventing such characters as Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural. Two recent stages—*When the Niggers Take over America* and *When the Goddamn Jews Take over America*—satirize tickle-American paranoia. His version of "The Metamorphosis" appears in *Introducing Kafka*, published by Totem Books.



"A BUG WAS LYING ON HIS BACK, WHICH WAS HARD, AS IF MADE OF ARMOUR... HIS MANY LEGS...WAIVED HELPLESSLY IN FRONT OF HIS EYES."

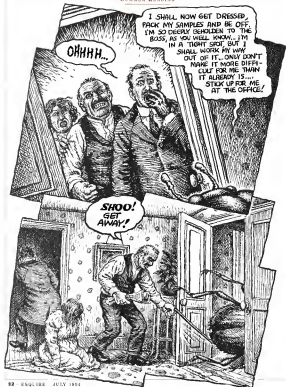
Gregor, a traveling salesman, was the family's provider. Because of him, his father had been able to retire, and his sister could expect to study the violin at the music conservatory.



"I'M GETTING OUT OF BED NOW... JUST BE PATIENT... FUNNY HOW SOMETHING LIKE THIS CAN HIT YOU..."

"HIS WORK RECENTLY HAS BEEN MOST UNSATISFACTORY..."

The first person to witness his change, along with his family, was the chief clerk of his firm, who had arrived because Gregor was late for work.









THE CHILD HAD BEEN WARNED. His father said he would nail that rock-throwing hand to the shed wall, saying it would be hard to break windshields and people's windows with a hand nailed to the shed wall. Wouldn't it? said his father, home for a few hours from the forest he could not extinguish. Goddamn it, didn't the child know what windshields rested? His father held the child up by his ear to better see the spiderweb burst of windshield glass. All the clawing child could better see were the rivets holding his father's smoke-smelling pants together. Even the child could not understand how the windshield had happened, the child

that morning playing splay-legged in dusty rough driveway, dipping and-was gravel from a tiny hourglass of fat flapping a fake name toward a crow come flying down to watch and the crow not fooled, flapping back away, taking flight when the child started sand, the child splashing around in the dirt like a seaside shot, rock droplets up in the air, into the sky that was white like broken rocks red and smoldered like the old man's beard and breath.

A playmate had sprung up from the ground near the gully where the good rocks grew; and they began grapping themselves against themselves again, lessons of arc and trajectory, the specific nature of things spinning further today than yesterday in that wheel-and sky until one rock felt the child's fingers while his hand was on something else, the rock as a stone that even the playmate could see to regret.

Time slowed for them, the rock arcing toward the friendly family car parked pleasantly in the peach-tree shade. Time slowed and slowed. If time had not slowed, the rock would have sailed over the car, over the picnic table, over the natural house, and over the town and the burning forest beyond. But the world was conscious that morning, its gravity immense. To arc and trajectory add the lessons of apogee and descent, the rock descending into a broken glass poke in the eye for the friendly family car, the playmate suddenly sleeping away drooping stones, skipping away to slither, laughing, along the gully home.

All afternoon the red sky lowered and smoldered of barnyard woods.

Goddamn it. Didn't the child know what windshields rested? His father in his dirty roughed-up denim, of all days to come home, mud and ash, rushing on the top and the smolder pined, amber-brown lined with worn that wouldn't burn, the blackened shanks of sticks, the bent poles cracked by heat and desperate shoveling, his father footpadding cross marks of topography across the dead-wooden floors.

Goddamn it, what was in that head his father shook in his hands like a snow globe? Nothing, said the child, and

in his heart the words of the covenant. Never, ever throw another rock ever, ever again. Ever.

In those days the fire went south and the old man was gone again, sleeping in woods and fields the flames had not yet found. The child posted himself at the top of the rough driveway and waited for his father's truck, pause with an unborn covenant in his heart, no stone had touched his fingers, no rock had he held.

He knew his mother was watching him wait for his father from the front window of the rented house. He had heard her wonder if her husband would ever come home again.

On a Saturday afternoon when it did not seem like his father was ever coming home, the child stood at the top of the rough driveway watching a mule pull a wagon full of black men past the rented house into town. A black man strung on the tailgate of the wagon brandished a middle finger toward the child and the child waved

back. The wind was keeping the smoke out of town that day and the child decided to go lay in the gully and pretend he was dead in a battlefield trench.

The child walked down the washed-out driveway skunked, lichen-brown, and barbed scaffolding along until a baby-headed sombrero stone revealed itself in the dirt. The child stopped and poked at the stone with his toe. The child poked at the stone and worried the stone with his toe until the stone was free in the driveway dirt. The child searched the covenant in his heart and discovered nothing about just being a stone, so the child kicked the baby-headed sombrero stone to the end of the driveway where the grass was tall and dense, across by his stern father. There was nothing in the covenant, nothing in the agreement the child had in his heart with his father about just piling up a stone one goes that's all it was, so the child just picked up the stone to carry it over the grass to the gully where he could look at a white pretending to be dead in a battlefield trench.

But just picking up the stone from its place in the common earth seemed to signify the stone somehow and it would probably be hard to put it in a special place. Not to throw, never to throw, because that would break the agree-

## Gentleman's Agreement

BY  
MARK RICHARD



ment in the heart with the father, but just to put the stone away somewhere to consider it later, maybe even as a toast to never, ever throw another rock over again. So the child carried the stone to the tin-roofed shed. There was nothing on the cement about just carrying a stone *there* (as an example of the child's goodness). There was a hole in the shed where the child could hide the stone. To study later. And when he grew up and was older than the old man, he could even shove the thing up to the old man's face and say, 'So! Here's a rock I didn't throw.'

In the one-roofed shed was the lawn, mowed by father used to cut the ragged yard. And there were the broken fire tools he brought home to fix. On a nail was a drip of soil before: reached by a mad dog for that had chased his father father across three footballs, and chased him into a screaming river, had run him through an orange and had vomited where his father down into the ragged mouth of a cave, and his father cowered as deep as he could crawl into that worn-sandling place until he crawled on top of a bear trying to crawl as deep as a could crawl away from the mad-dog fix that was hissing at the mouth of the cave to come in. His father and the bear cowered to the footballer corner of the cave and curled up together the bear bugging his father and calling out and crying the worst, 'you're very hard!' said his father. Because the old let her cub out in the orange-and-vomited zone where the mad dog for was bawling and where the world was coming to an end.

And in the tin-roofed shed the child saw where the Goat should have been parked, the Goat, the big yellow fire bike, the marble axe handle on the rice needle, the horsehide used much cups the old man had welded around the chain and spoken against breath and branches his father riding the Goat's back in wild reconnaissance of the fire's forward heat, and so Sundays when the world was not on the child's mind and his disciples drank beer in the backyard and rode the Goat down the washed-out driveway far enough to keep the pulpy dog down the doughnuts and whatnot in the confided said somebody's wife went home mad or said somebody broke his arm and thought it was funny.

Considering the spot where the Goat should have been parked, worried the baby-headed tombstone stone on the child's hand until there was no comfortable way to hold it.

It was much easier to hold the stone behind the tin-roofed shed where there was nothing of his father's to see, nothing to see at all except some of corn you would need a ship to come. Behind the tin-roofed shed was the pile of rocks from the stone the landlady took down the old wall house, and the child was never to go near where the old wall house had been, he and his father had a handshake agreement about that, he was never to go near the place in the ground that was covered with thick plants, there were snakes down there and the hole was poisonous and even the child knew how poisonous it was by all the snakes and tree licks he had shown down between the plants trying to stir the snakes up to the surface.

The child had to decide how to hide his stone in daylight in front of all these other common well-house rocks piled behind the tin-roofed shed. The stone from the place just the edge of the tin-roofed shed, the child's reach if he stood on the pile of common rocks, he was dead, he climbed the rock pile and reaching up he could almost hide his stone on the

roof, if he could just see it up there, now there it was, so what he was going to do, but to just see the stone up on the roof to distinguish it from the other common rockpile rocks, putting the stone in a special place, keeping it clear later.

It was a cheap gunshot since the child made when he stood the stone up on the tin-roofed shed, not artillery or anything unsatisfactory yet, just a nice good gunshot starting shot and unsatisfactory the common rocks in the rock pile the child was standing on were poison, he could feel them poison under his feet. They wanted to be wet rocks but wet rocks, rocks and wet rocks, and the child said, 'Okay just a couple, leaving a couple of rocks is not like throwing a couple of rocks where woodbeards and people's windows break. He was just being near to the common well-house rocks.

So the child began to leave the rocks from the rock pile he was standing on up onto the tin-roof of the shed. It was a gunshot and a battle and a war, the way they bounced and blew up on the roof, bouncing and clattering around, he worked his way through the panic and the rifle bending and tossing, landing and missing, not winning until the tin had dented, but keeping rocks in the tin-roof bouncing and bouncing. Rebound the child said, 'Handsome!' and it was like a piece of the wall house was answered and the child said, 'Adam's!' and the child had to leave the heavy rock with both hands with all of that day's strength, and as his strength has lost slipped on the loose rocks and the child slipped off the rock pile. The doomsday rock failed to reach the edge of the roof. Down it came square on top of the fallen child's crown head.

**T**HE BEST WHITE DOCTOR IN COWN was the abandoned up the wooden steps across from the courthouse. It was rocky but, and the doctor kept back to the dirty exam table paper. *Wash!* (Wash from Florida tennis, warm pulpy orange juice, the cool white spread of oxidizing fat across the naked backs of Nurse Bedpa's legs, those the morphean dreams of an ex-fighter surgeon, growled, a rough shuddering, leading from his sleep when the friendly green firefly car jumps the side walk curb just outside and crashes in the corner of the doctor's wooden building, so difficult to see to drive when the windshield is shattered in light and opaque glass, the mother's hand on the window to see to stop, one hand on the morning wheel and the other keeping constant pressure on the pretty pink rubber wheel without slipping around the child's head, driving a child too smart biker than all of us, the old man would say about her, her driving her spangly young black men from their places on the side walk where they have gone by male vagon and on foot to lower and to spit black backs jumping back from the intercrossing Fowler leveled friendly green family car, the front end nothing the doctor from where he had said seven Morpheus like him to his beloved Nurse Bedpa, the finger marking the old building and the old building's narrow space and garden where the nightgown had the him behind them, his hanging by the hand and the hand on the side walk, it might fitting for the tin or two of mosquitoes the baldpate dachshund and third-best mud hole yielded in the courage, but back during the dry and you could see them

if you really looked for them, a ray long him and there looked over a bare man again, that long line of black car talking the roof beams, not really crawling at all, just the tops of thousands of my hands hanging upside down along the eaves and roofline, in loose one strikes awake by the crash that woke the doctor, awake now and contented, a flattening lick in the ceiling corner of his livorine flyover the one endowed with experimental hand-eye and an amazing stomach drop.

Gentlemen were started and starting, and in return to the doctor's, through a gap in the wrapping of the urban stone, the child had studied the any public task in the green rubber face of the family car, examining car-day damage was all he could see, was all that was his focus, those way public task in the long green rubber lines. He had felt the collision of friendly car and down space, had felt himself being pulled across the seat and then he could see his blood muddled dry fire down through the slit in his towel sweat, he saw his feet take a step up a curb. There was a splashing of tobacco chew beside his mother's face, the pressure of her hand tightened on the towel over the spot where his head had been open. He felt his pressure on the towel on his head and her other hand leading him to a wooden step leading to another wooden step leading up, and then suddenly he heard her scream and he heard him laughing and he felt the towel fall away because the woman was holding it any longer and he felt the towel fall like a marble onto his shoulder and the light was white in his unbalanced eyes at the squashed and just after he felt the wet towel fall on his shoulder something else fell and it fell flapping against his neck where the blood (red) dripping from his broken-open head and the thing that fell against his neck felt like sucking fingers and still thinking he struggled it off and it fell at his feet and it flapped around and showed it was red and his eyes focused on the thing he heard his mother screaming and he heard him laughing and someone crying him and lifted him up the wooden stairs before he came into a different kind of sleep that day.

**T**HE CHILD WAS SITTING in cold bathroom worrying about his falling out of his head again when they finally brought his father home. The large sensory topline the doctor had taped on the top of the child's head was now the child's own, the doctor saying not to work, he was for two weeks until the stitches came out, and now it had been two weeks and the stitches started to come out, or at least something felt like it was something in little black dots in the child's scalp to come out. The child did not trust the stitches to hold against the bus and was hoping they would not break while his mother was around because he was sure it would happen her to see

things falling out of his head again and what if they didn't just fall out but flew around the house going into the curtain? The doctor had been eager to go back to his dressing and even the child knew he had done a hairy-up job on his head, the mother saying later that the doctor's sewing was better suited for patching a Mexican blanket, the doctor even forgetting to be paid until the mother asked on a bill and the doctor wrote some numbers on a piece of yellow paper and then locked the door behind them so he could nodle himself back to the place with the white come burn in his white uniform the nurse with the white breast laces so much, that white place, the white said, those white waves.

When they brought his father into the hallway the child did not recognize him at first. His father was missing his hair on his head and his eyebrows were gone and his head had melted into little black knots on his skin. He had been the only one left, they said. They told the mother in the hall that it was so if the father had refused to burn when everyone the they found had turned into short, black striped rods of people. The child's father was wearing just a light's amount that was clear plastic and wouldn't stick to the burns you could see the red and black and black and the father's back and arms. The father's hands were packed in grass and wrapped in grass and the child wondered if those hands would even be able to hold a hammer to add a rock-throwing hand to the dead wall. The child used over his parents' bed for a long time, vomiting his father sleep in the room that smelled like a caving barn.

On Sunday on their way to the shed the father gathered his tools and showed the child his melonish his little column of figures, his carpenter's his paperwork. The white paper were windows and windows. The yellow paper was the doctor. The little green stub was what they called the father for keeping the fire from coming into town by the father's fingering. The child didn't think he could afford to keep the child could not keep him in glass it was. And no more trips to Doctor Duke, the Quack, he called him. The rock-throwing hand had finally found the father more than he had earned.

Sorry said the father.

As the shed the father opened his toolbox and said the child it would be all right to hold it if you, that the child's holding probably wouldn't bother anybody it was Sunday and the mother had gone to church. The father raised his hand to his head, he was pulling and pulling around with closed fingers. The child had closed his eyes when he smelled his father standing beside him, he lifted up his rock-throwing hand.

Here we go, said the father, and with his thumb and his palm the father set to work on the child's head, snipping and tagging at the black oily skin that had bared against the sun fish of his only son.



**Mark Richard** has recently returned to his native South. In all likelihood for good, after eight educational years in New York City until August, he is enroute to the Tennessee Williams Fellow in the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee. In the fall, he will teach at Ole Miss. "Gentleman's Agreement" emerged out of his work on his second novel, *RAINFALL*, a book he describes as "a typical American tragedy set against a typically corrupt political campaign in the South by the seashore." Richard's first novel, *Friday*, is due out in paperback this month from Anchor Books.







True Blue

# The Bridges of L. A. County

**O**kay, I don't know about that," says Jeff Bridges, his knee-jerk reaction to being asked, yet again, what it's like to be the sex symbol of one of Hollywood's most famous dynasties. "There are women a little out of my age range who are always talking about my dad," he says, grinning. "And Sean's got his lady fans, too. In fact, I'm always getting, 'Are you Benji Bridges?'" Meanwhile, Beau—now "fifty-one or fifty-two, I'm turning as old I lose track"—is always getting, "Are you John Ritter?" The point is, it wasn't always that way. At forty-four, Jeff Bridges is no impressive sight to behold. But he didn't really blossom until well into his thirties,

and it is interesting to see glimpses of him—the plump, uncomfortable youngster—once again now and then as we sit in the living room of his parents' sprawling house in the Westwood section of Los Angeles.

Would we like to make use of the homemade family photo collage on the wall? Lloyd Bridges, eighty-one, wonders bitterly. "I want to be involved in that," interrupts Jeff solemnly. "There are some pictures I don't want used."

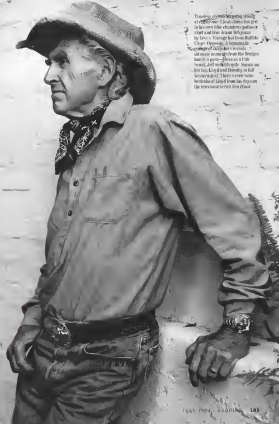
"No, no, no," chides Lloyd, looking like the one of the classic Gap ads, with his shock of white hair, his open blue eyes, and a kerchief round his neck.

"No," says Jeff. "I don't like my looks in that one picture there." [continued on page 116]

Photographs by Davis Factor • Text by Christa D'Souza



Jeffery Young, Lloyd Bridges, and Bridges' youngest son, Jeff, at home in Westwood. Bridges, 81, is wearing a light blue button-down shirt by Dickies. Jeff, 44, is wearing a light blue button-down shirt by Dickies. The photo was taken by Davis Factor.



Travelling cowboy going steady at 1950 (see 5 photo) has got it better in the shadow of a palm tree and the desert life. Photo by Leo S. Vantage. Not from Buffalo Chase. Opposite: A legitimate cowboy of old-time Nevada, out more money from the British family's purse—down on a full head, left with his wife. Susan on the top, Lin and Dorothy in full western gear. Three seven-note brothers of Lloyd from San Diego on the bottom from San Diego.





The Bridges family is an earthy, unwarped bunch, given that they're one of Hollywood's most famous clans.

[continued from page 106] "Oh, God, Jeff," says Lloyd, "I don't like me, either. Jesus! You mean the one on the left? You look great!"

Jeff's best of vanity notwithstanding, the Bridges family is an earthy and family earthy, unwarped bunch, given that they are one of Hollywood's most famous clans. "There's so much love and trust around this business," explains Beas, who recently directed and co-starred with his father and his twenty-year-old son, Jordan, in a movie for NBC called *Secret Sons of the Piveter*. "My parents were never ones to get into Hollywood parties."

Lloyd and his wife, Dorothy, were college sweethearts. And although both Beas and Clady, their youngest daughter, have remarried, Jeff and his wife, Susan—whom he met on a dude ranch while filming in Montana—have been together for seventeen years. Dorothy and Lloyd have eleven grandchildren, and the lives of all three generations have been particularly cherished by the family matriarch, who has been keeping a diary since she was eighteen. "And we make use of it sometimes dealing with our kids," says Beas, deadpan. "Like, we'll ask her, 'Remember that time I hit that kid in the back of the head with a rock and I was expelled from school?'"

Although the brothers first appeared together with their father on *Sea Hunt*, they had made separate appearances elsewhere even earlier. Jeff did his first film when he was four months old, cradled in the arms of Joan Greer in *The Cowpuncher She Keeps*. Beas's first feature was *The Bad Prince*, with Myrna Loy and Robert Mitchum. "In those early days actors didn't want their kids to go into the business at all," recalls Lloyd. "I always thought that was kind of strange."

Still going strong, Lloyd will appear with Jeff this month in *Blow Away*, a literally explosive thriller in which Jeff plays the leader of a bomb squad and Lloyd plays his uncle. "I'm his stickkick," explains Lloyd.

Meanwhile, in real life, Dorothy is at work on an autobiography entitled "An Actor's Wife." She hasn't been given a definite yes by a publisher, she says, because her story sounds so implausible. "They said, 'We wanted something stranger,'" says Lloyd. "They said, 'We can't all be hearts and flowers like you.'" ■

STYLING: JEFF BRIDGES; GROOMING: JEFF BRIDGES; HAIR: JEFF BRIDGES



The Bridges boys, Jeff and Lloyd, first appeared together in *Sea Hunt* with their father as *Sea Hunt*. Jeff wears a red and white striped shirt by Double RL by Ralph Lauren and blue jeans; Lloyd wears a plaid shirt by Double RL by Ralph Lauren and jeans. Both photos by Larry S.

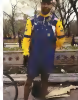
For more information, see page 106.

True Blue

# Street Wear

Photographs by Eric Perret

DENIM IS AMERICA'S SECOND SKIN, what we put on after we take off our uniforms. What you see on the street reflects an indigenous costume—you can almost tell what neighborhood you're in by the cut of the dungarees. In uptown Manhattan, they match denims with a blue blazer, hems falling comme il faut over penny loafers; farther uptown, they gear up by tucking Carhartts into Karl Lann boots, the crotch hovering somewhere above the knees. In certain quarters, Levi's must be tight, faded, just so, topped by a motorcycle jacket. In others, you might see an elastic waist or (imagine!) pleats peeking over the top of the diaper kit on the stretcher. The suburbs tend to breed bleach-and-maze artists, while teenagers display their hard-won hales with pride. Rich? Poor? Straight? Gay? It's all in the jeans.



True Blue

# Work Detail

DENIM BEGAN AS WORK WEAR, and who better to show the revived worker aesthetic, from carpenter pants to barn jackets, than the cadets from the nine-hundred-member United States Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut. Here, denim goes back to basics—training, that is—as cadets learn the ropes.

Photographs by Dick Nystrom

IN 1970, the United States Coast Guard Academy is a four-year college where you can't wear modern sweaters because—well, nothing is new in the modern (denim) job-we-wear. The only new thing is a little in denim—4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000, 1002, 1004, 1006, 1008, 1010, 1012, 1014, 1016, 1018, 1020, 1022, 1024, 1026, 1028, 1030, 1032, 1034, 1036, 1038, 1040, 1042, 1044, 1046, 1048, 1050, 1052, 1054, 1056, 1058, 1060, 1062, 1064, 1066, 1068, 1070, 1072, 1074, 1076, 1078, 1080, 1082, 1084, 1086, 1088, 1090, 1092, 1094, 1096, 1098, 1100, 1102, 1104, 1106, 1108, 1110, 1112, 1114, 1116, 1118, 1120, 1122, 1124, 1126, 1128, 1130, 1132, 1134, 1136, 1138, 1140, 1142, 1144, 1146, 1148, 1150, 1152, 1154, 1156, 1158, 1160, 1162, 1164, 1166, 1168, 1170, 1172, 1174, 1176, 1178, 1180, 1182, 1184, 1186, 1188, 1190, 1192, 1194, 1196, 1198, 1200, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1208, 1210, 1212, 1214, 1216, 1218, 1220, 1222, 1224, 1226, 1228, 1230, 1232, 1234, 1236, 1238, 1240, 1242, 1244, 1246, 1248, 1250, 1252, 1254, 1256, 1258, 1260, 1262, 1264, 1266, 1268, 1270, 1272, 1274, 1276, 1278, 1280, 1282, 1284, 1286, 1288, 1290, 1292, 1294, 1296, 1298, 1300, 1302, 1304, 1306, 1308, 1310, 1312, 1314, 1316, 1318, 1320, 1322, 1324, 1326, 1328, 1330, 1332, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1340, 1342, 1344, 1346, 1348, 1350, 1352, 1354, 1356, 1358, 1360, 1362, 1364, 1366, 1368, 1370, 1372, 1374, 1376, 1378, 1380, 1382, 1384, 1386, 1388, 1390, 1392, 1394, 1396, 1398, 1400, 1402, 1404, 1406, 1408, 1410, 1412, 1414, 1416, 1418, 1420, 1422, 1424, 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432, 1434, 1436, 1438, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446, 1448, 1450, 1452, 1454, 1456, 1458, 1460, 1462, 1464, 1466, 1468, 1470, 1472, 1474, 1476, 1478, 14

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]



Left: Working. Denim playmate's "workwear" perfected in workshop in Chester, UK, by English Laundry. Features 12 million loose, "looseweave" threads, cotton duck cloth, rubber and rubber leather, short fit. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white.



Left: Denim playmate's "workwear" perfected in workshop in Chester, UK, by English Laundry. Features 12 million loose, "looseweave" threads, cotton duck cloth, rubber and rubber leather, short fit. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white.



Right: Denim playmate's "workwear" perfected in workshop in Chester, UK, by English Laundry. Features 12 million loose, "looseweave" threads, cotton duck cloth, rubber and rubber leather, short fit. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white. Available by English Laundry, denim playmate's "workwear" in blue, navy, and white.



Left: Guillermo Pérez Elías, director of the film *El barco*, and his brother, Carlos, are seen climbing the mast of the ship *El barco* in the film. The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s. The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s. The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s.

FROM LEFT: GUILLERMO PÉREZ ELÍAS, DIRECTOR OF THE FILM *EL BARCO*, AND HIS BROTHER, CARLOS, ARE SEEN CLIMBING THE MAST OF THE SHIP *EL BARCO* IN THE FILM.



The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s. The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s. The film is a documentary about the lives of the crew of the ship *El barco* in the 1970s.



True Blue

## Christie and the Beast

Two all-American favorites: denim and Christie Brinkley. The perennial ubermodel shows her cowgirl side on a private beach on Kauai and demonstrates that when it comes to summer jeans wear, less is more. The horse, by the way, is no mere prop: Brinkley is a top cutting horsewoman—cutting

horses separate a single head of cattle from the herd—and competes regularly. (It's just one of her many outdoor passions, the morning after the shoot, she was surfing on the same beach.) Wearing a Wrangler denim shirt and Levi's 501 cut-offs, this is one cowgirl who definitely gets the blues.

Photograph by Timothy White



## CARS

Phil Patton

# The Quintessential Sports Car

**N**O CAR HAS CHANGED LESS in the last thirty years than the Porsche 911 Carrera. Sure, there have been refinements—the taillights have been smoothed into a single cherry-candy bend—but the probolids-shaped rear window and classic body have remained as constant as the car's half brother, Ferdinand Porsche's other car, the Volkswagen Beetle. But now is the 911 changed as much as in the 1950s edition, arriving in Deutschland as fast as the factory in Zuffenhausen can make them—which is not very fast (a Porsche engine takes eight full hours of work). The strange thing is, the changes have only made the car more like itself.

That engine—the legendary rear-mounted aluminum six-cylinder—now gives you twenty-three more horsepower and more torque. Unchanged is its characteristic sound, which expands to envelop you comfortably, rising and falling with the tachometer and the pedal beneath your foot as you rev. Does it matter that the twinned engine shows a full comb of a second off the five and a fraction of kidney-flicker-g's that often take the car from a standstill to sixty miles per hour in a speed class it has handled since its inception?

The most notable difference in performance comes not from the engine but from a new rear suspension. Rear-engine cars are notorious for oversteer, and one of the fixtures of earlier 911's that made them like race cars was a certain, well, oversteer that manifested itself in tight turns. Should the driver have the temerity to ease off on the pedal in a tight curve, he had a good chance of having the rear end get loose on him a little bit, as they say around the NASCAR circuit. But with a new subframe-mounted suspension, the rear wheels actually rise in a slightly on turns. Throw the car into a curve and you were for an oversteer rick that never comes.

The car's body, too, seems to have drawn itself up into its own grain, worked out, smoothed up. The formerly straight edge of the door base has been rucked and tapered. The headlights have been furred back into the fenders, downplaying the friendly frog face that was a signature of the 911. The front bumper has now become an integral part of the body, presenting a voluptuous but vulnerable looking capsule of body color. The new fenders have nodules to slide wider wheels, lovely nodules run deeper through which wider brake discs—drilled for better cooling—are visible.

Since this is the 1990s, what Porsche emphasizes is an understatedly practicality: better wipers, flash glass to reduce wind sound, easier maintenance thanks to self-adjusting valves, and, yes, a price five grand lower than last year's.

Porsche has introduced other models since the 911 came along in 1963—the 944, the 944S, the 968—only to see the sides of each rise for a while, then fall. The 911 remains not only the best-selling Porsche but the quintessential Porsche—and perhaps the quintessential sports car. The name Carrera is taken from the Carrera Panamericana, a famed two-focused-mile endurance race, a token of the car's road-racing origins. Another such token is the placement of the ignition key to the left of the steering wheel, a feature Porsche boasts was designed for Le Mans-style racing seats. Putting the key on the left meant drivers could start the car with the left hand while almost automatically putting it in gear with the right.

There are six speeds in the command of that hand, one more than in previous incarnations, and in urban or suburban driving you'll use all but four of them. The car growls routinely in lights, eager for wide open space. Perhaps that is why while most overseas automakers base their American divisions on one coast or the other, Porsche makes an home in Reno, on the edge of the Nevada desert. Lights out from Reno, across the alkali flat, toward Lovelock and Winnemucca and Golconda, and you understand that one way to look at a 911 is as a device for heading with the American landscape and sky. That highway patrol cars are as infrequent as maple trees in that landscape is also a factor.

But there is a neat symbolism too, in this proximity to the center of a certain American dream, to the jagged Porsche ownership has too often come to represent. It wasn't long after Ferdinand Porsche built his first sports car that the Teutonic Porsche gensh became entangled with a Hollywood gensh, an event that can be dated precisely to September 30, 1955, the day James Dean drove into a tree on a turn at eighty-five miles per hour in his Porsche Spyder 550 with the legend **LUIGI RATTENAU** painted on the rear. Soon half of all Porsche sales were in the U.S., a fact that both encouraged and dismayed the no-nonsense Porsche engineers. They shingled their shoulders and introduced an automatic to deal with water-parking accidents. Since more than 70 percent of all Porsches are sold on the road, they tried to regard the car's owners, as they regard themselves, as temporary cohabitants of a tradition. ■

### Porsche 911 Carrera Technical Features

**Engine:** 2-liter six-cylinder air-cooled, aluminum, over now used 270 horsepower  
**Acceleration:** 0 to 60 in 5.4 seconds  
**Top speed:** 165 mph  
**Fuel economy:** 17 mpg city, 25 highway  
**Other features:** Standard three-wheel ABS dual air bags  
**Base price:** \$38,000

## You could live without Better Sex... but who wants to?

*Sexual know-how is still the most powerful aphrodisiac.*

### There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"

Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you're a good lover, you can benefit from The Better Sex Video Series®. It's for adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

### America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

The Better Sex Video Series® visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seltzer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through explicit scenes of erotic sexual practices including powerful techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order The Better Sex Video® today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

### Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy.

All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

THE  
Better Sex  
Video  
SERIES®

### Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders Or To Request A FREE Catalog

Call Toll-Free 1-800-888-1900

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

VIDEO	PRICE	MSRP	SALE
PTSD No. 1. Better Sexual Techniques	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 2. Am. Sexual Techniques	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 3. Making Sex Fun	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 4. Intimate Sex - Love 101	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 5. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 6. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 7. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 8. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 9. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 10. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 11. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 12. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 13. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 14. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 15. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 16. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 17. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 18. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 19. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 20. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 21. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 22. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 23. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 24. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 25. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 26. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 27. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 28. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 29. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 30. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 31. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 32. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 33. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 34. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 35. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 36. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 37. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 38. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 39. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 40. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 41. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 42. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 43. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 44. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 45. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 46. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 47. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 48. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 49. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 50. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 51. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 52. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 53. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 54. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 55. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 56. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 57. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 58. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 59. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 60. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 61. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 62. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 63. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 64. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 65. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 66. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 67. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 68. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 69. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 70. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 71. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 72. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 73. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 74. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 75. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 76. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 77. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 78. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 79. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 80. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 81. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 82. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 83. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 84. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 85. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 86. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 87. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 88. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 89. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 90. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 91. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 92. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 93. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 94. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 95. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 96. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 97. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 98. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 99. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	
PTSD No. 100. Love & Sex	19.95	29.95	



## MUSIC

Mark Jacobson

# Chilled

**L**AST WEEK We're mixing in a dark garage on the Lower East Side and starting to feel real aroused. Are we aroused because we're boss dancing to techno music for five hours and the BPMs (beats per minute) are pushing two hundred? Is it because we haven't taken ecstasy or stayed out too long with Vicio, Brooklyn's punk bar experience? Is it because we are not only older than everyone else in the hall but also an old? Because we are not wearing plastic visors? Have no trilly hair strapped to our wrists? We do not know the answer, we are strangers within the technoscape. Our head spins. We must chill out.

The disco music our need. Suddenly the sequencers halt, the drum machines fall silent. There is an eternal moment of quiet. A great, unexpected roar of DNT sound envelops this cozy little disco for later day hippies (which is what these are, mostly these days). We are swept up in the star-bustles and arc of sound. We are delivered, as Honda or Pan Tovarland might have delivered us back when music came from real instruments played by actual people. We are alone the clouds, seeing for miles. We are chilled.

Powered by Brian Eno in the mid-1980s, electronic ambient music, aka chill, is the other side of techno, the ethereal side, the elegant side, or (according to some) the sleepy anti-school side. For various, no one was ever more at school than this. Inspired by John Cage and Eric Satie, Eno sought to distill the very postmodern moment with projects like *Music for Airports* and *On Land*. (Several of his early records are nicely reissued by ELO/Cadenza.) As his fan list, say, David Byrne, Eno moved the listener into neutral, apolitical environs, without specific emotional or narrative cues. You could have seen it in his minimalist art or his early lyrics, the sparse way poems.

These days, however, after the dispassionate contributions of artists like Tangerine Dream, Kraftwerk, and Orbital, Minimalism in the Dark ambient music is a more formal and melodramatic score rife with samples of rain whistles, Gregorian/goddess chants, weather sounds, and computer-generated keops of pitch voiced Jonny Webster/Laurie Anderson-style heartlines. It's played in discos, but the current ambient is not a party. Today's ambient aims for a sort of asceticism or therapy sessions, but nonetheless nevertheless it wants to transport you to a place of mind.

Not that we don't want to go there. For instance, these days here Things are wrong. Got a bad haircut, people have been shot on the Brooklyn Bridge, the subway's stuck locally, the Decade is present, Moby's *Ambient* (Intact)

slipped on the tiny spinner. In a scene in which anonymity rules (almost all techno artists perform under pseudonyms), several identifiable mainly through anonymous logos (the notable crop circles), Moby, whose real name is Richard Melville Hall, claims to be a direct descendant of Herman Melville's. Chastised with taping his dogpile to the man Moby's own website while in "Thousand" (on his BPM), which has been transposed as the latest piece of music ever recorded. But Moby knows that for every cool specialty, there must be a compensating chill. That is why he makes records like *Ambient*, which he describes as being "warm, thoughtful" and from the heart. Now, as I'm crushed in a corner of the muffled F zone, Ambient's "Heaven" (coming about me like a Xanax bodypill), it matters little that Moby's virtual paradise is a sad story, an underdog nervous. One needs space from the chain-new BPMs of everyday life, and Moby has granted it. I am chilled.

Thankfully, it is possible to receive the Millenium affect/relief of ambient without the rigors of its chore course, now age. "Ambient is cool, new age sucks," is the "rad and opinion" at Liquid Sky, a downtown store where the sub-Gothic X crowd (movement) about the strange age) come to buy the shiny little dresses and logo festooned handbags that consumer rave fashion. Proprietor Carlos "Soul" Singer, Brazilian expat, despises of the current techno futurism. "Some people want only hard techno with hundreds of beats, some want only ambient." It is suggested that the decline in ecstasy consumption at once has splintered the commonality of the experience Carlos rejects this notion. "The new is huge. It takes in all expressions, or should." Saying I look around, he hands me a copy of *Selected Ambient Works Volume II* by Aphex Twin. It will fix me up, he says.

A half hour later, I am walking the streets, hawking to Aphex Twin, actually a singular runway two-year-old Irish named Richard James. See/Warner Bros. is issuing *Selected Works* but for now I'm happy with this disquieting music in Austria. Import. Its melancholic suits the elegant, over-nerve-dressed and sweeps that make up Aphex Twin's accompaniment to my night town movie. The odd rumbles, shimmering bells, and half-loud conversations emitted from his machines are reminiscent to me as privileged celebrity. I am being set apart by the beautiful tones in my head. People pass in shadows, hiding from view as I approach. By the time I reach the financial zone I am the Last Man on Earth. The World War III happened and somehow I have slept through it. If so, I accept my fate. I am chilled. ■

# Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is 50% The Best Aphrodisiac.

From couples workshops. How do we keep the romance alive after years? Here at last is the exciting answer. *Sexual Education For Me*. You'll refer to this tape again and again for new ways to fan the flames of mutual sexual attraction.

Unbelievable New Ways To Love Each Other.

Part of America's top sex educators, Dr. David C. Johnson of Harvard Medical School and certified sex therapist Dr. Miriam K. Diamond are your guides as four typical couples actually demonstrate a complete catalog of intimate knowledge, providing in explicit detail: You'll learn anatomy, building skills and techniques for more enjoyable, fulfilling and successful sex. Plus pointers for couples facing special circumstances like arthritis, back problems, pregnancy, or obesity.

Shipped Unopened For Your Privacy.

Your video is shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Order today, and soon enjoy a more loving, high and bright. Approximately \$50 minutes.

Offer: *Sexual Education For Me* is available with any order of a full-length tape after a \$5.00 shipping and handling charge. *Sexual Education For Me* is available separately.

## Sexual Positions For Lovers

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95

SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (VHS) \$49.95  
SEX EDUCATION FOR ME: *SEXUAL EDUCATION FOR ME* (DVD) \$49.95



Sinclair  
VIDEO LIBRARY

THE SINCLAIR INTERACTIVE, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, 91604  
CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-888-8888





### The 280-Horsepower Lincoln Mark VIII

When you're in your Mark, before you even turn the first corner, or for that matter before you even turn on the ignition, you know you're in for more than just your standard driving experience.

Inside Mark VIII's ergonomically designed cockpit, you'll notice something not available on any other luxury sport coupe: An angle front seats that move forward to make room for easy entry and exit when the seatbacks are tipped.

## In Your Mark. Get Set. Go.



Fully ahead. When returned to their normal upright position, the seats automatically glide back to their original location.



Now fasten your seat belt.



Exclusive dual  
An angle seating  
system.

The 280-hp 31-valve engine will rocket you to wherever you need to go.

There's also standard dual air bags,\* anti-lock brakes and an exclusive computer-managed suspension that automatically lowers the car at 55 mph for better handling and less wind resistance. And all Lincolns are backed by the Lincoln Commitment, a comprehensive ownership benefits program that includes 24-hour Roadside Service Assistance and service loaner provisions.\*\*

So get in your Mark. And get set for a truly unique driving experience. For more information call 1-800-445-3333.



 **LINCOLN**  
What A Luxury Car Should Be



# VERSACE

HOME SIGNATURE

NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON HOUSTON SAN DIEGO CHICAGO  
ATLANTA LAS VEGAS BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU MEXICO CITY VANCOUVER TORONTO